







# THE WESLEYAN

*Ad Astra per Asperum*

## WESLEYAN COLLEGE

MACON, GEORGIA

### VOLUME XXVIII

SPRING NUMBER

1927



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THE WESLEYAN IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS AT  
WESLEYAN COLLEGE. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, ONE DOLLAR A  
SEMESTER. SINGLE COPY, THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.

Entered at Post Office at Macon, Georgia, as second-class matter.  
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in  
Section 1103. Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 1, 1924.

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## Foreword

*SPRING* has a way of arousing varied thoughts and emotions in people's minds—especially those of young people and more specifically those of would-be writers. The reaction of each to these overflowing feelings is as diversified as the feelings themselves. Some let the spring thoughts overcome their will to work and moon around thinking thoughts that perhaps would reveal a Milton or a Wordsworth were they expressed.

Others write down the fancies that well up in them. The contents of this issue are such spring effusions. If there is a central theme of this number, it is this outpouring of the restlessness of spring. If there is not, it is due to this same phenomenon



## *The Shadow of the Cross*

By DOROTHY McKAY, '28



SUPPOSE the boy should tell! The law would again be on his trail—the law that he had escaped only three hours before.

The man, almost indefinable in the gloom of the mountain cabin, sat quietly on the one piece of furniture in the room—a table—and watched the huddled, shivering bundle asleep on the cold hearth. Occasional flashes of lightening, which darted through the splintered window shutters, showed his face stern and fearless, yet of that grey whiteness which years behind grey prison walls reflect, his eyes beast-like and brutal from contact with criminals of all classes, his mouth worn and hard from months of bitter fighting with himself.

The mass of rags, which trembled by the empty fire place, stirred. The man's eyes flashed toward the boy, whose breathing he could not hear above the moans of the wind. For a while he watched steadily but there was no other movement.

Suppose the boy had escaped a few moments before when he had dashed out into the storm? If he had lived through the night of howling wind, he might have informed the police. Their carefully planned escape, which so far had been carried out so well, would end in capture. For the boy it would mean no more than his year term, but for the man it would mean a life time behind grey prison walls—forty or perhaps fifty years of isolation from his fellow men—half a century with criminals.

The hungry wind howled and moaned as it swept down the valley. The unsteady cabin, close huddled beneath a shelf of overhanging rock, swayed in the storm. The patched door, propped shut with a broken chair, flapped dismally back and forth, and through the cracked window blinds the wind hissed and groaned at the silent man inside. A loose shingle on the gapping roof tugged

and tore at the last nail until finally, freeing itself, it plunged eagerly into the passing wind, only to be swept against the mountain side and splintered.

Above the roar of the wind boomed the rush of the water over the turn-way-excited, thundering water which poured down for three hundred feet into a clay banked basin covered with moss grown logs and stumps. The lonesome cry of a mountain fox sobbed on the snarling winds. Low, quivering sobs broke from the sleeping boy.

"On such a night" the man muttered as the picture of a dying priest flashed through his mind.

Deep in memory of his crime, the man became oblivious to the storm outside. The very room presented itself to him. A long low shadowy room, smelling of incense, and lighted only by burning tapers. An old white headed man, kneeling, and in his hand a small black object—a worn, cherished crucifix.

Fresh sobs from the boy brought the man's mind back. He moved cautiously across the narrow room and towered over the sobbing bundle.

"Shut up," he muttered through his teeth, however, low enough not to wake the boy.

What a willing ally the homesick boy, of whom he knew nothing except that he was in for his first crime, and that his mother was waiting at home to help him to go straight when he got out, had proved to the man who had laid his plans a year before. Through vile sewers, crowded with rats, crowded streets and darkening woods they had hurried together. Four hours of dodging, hiding, then darting away again had been followed by daring rides through busy streets and out into the country, on trolleys, subways and at last a freight. At dawn they had left the stone walls of Ohio State Prison, at midnight, after three hours of battling



through the storm, they were alone near the border line. Freedom waited in the next state. Friends were there to aid, secret signals and private codes had prepared them for his arrival. And now the boy was weeping because he wanted to go home. Home, the very first place they would look for him. The iron grey man felt no compassion for the homesick boy.

Slowly, wearily, Tom Baynes paced the distance between the hearth and the window. His broad shoulders, tired from months of unaccustomed bending over large machines, sagged as he rammed his cold hands into his frayed pockets. His steady step echoed in the crude cabin. His piercing eyes dwelt ceaselessly on the boy.

Suppose the boy should tell? The question thundered in his mind. Suppose he should escape and tell? He had trusted the judgment of the older man, but he was becoming like a wild animal to get home. He had evidently thought all of the time that the plan was to take him home. He was only a kid who wanted to go home. He would tell to save his own skin.

Stray rays of lightening darted through the gapping roof and peeped among the jagged blinds. A plan began to form in the raging mind of the pacing man.

The boy had served his purpose—why not get rid of him now? He was much stronger than the shivering lad, he had the advantage of being on his feet. No one would ever know. He could throw the body over the turn-way and make his escape.

A sudden gust of wind blew the boy's ragged clothes as it passed through the cabin. One flash of lightning fell across the tear stained face, huddled down on a quivering arm.

The man sat calmly down again on the table and stared at the boy. Should he go over and choke the boy as he lay sleeping, or should he beat him over the head with a jagged table leg? Perhaps

he had best try both in case one should fail.

The plan being formed, Tom turned the table over and in his iron grasp tore a leg off. He paced slowly toward the boy. He did not take his gaze from the sandy head as weapon held high, he advanced on the unconscious sleeper.

How shadowy the room grew suddenly, he could smell faint odors of burning incense. The regular breathing of the boy became louder and more labored. He must strike now before the boy awoke. He must strike—he must—Kneeling, he prepared to strike. How like this posture was to another he had held—only now he was kneeling, before he was standing.

His arm was poised to descend when suddenly above his head, on the mortar slab above the fire place showed a black object. The man's mouth, curled to aid the act he was prepared to perform, dropped open. His arm fell—not on the boy's head, but lamely at his side, the table leg crashing to the floor.

The blinding light was gone, but still the man could see the shadowy cross on the white wall. Another flash of light came and the shadow, so perfectly outlining the figure of Christ hanging upon the cross, dangled before his eyes.

"My God!" the stupified man fell upon the floor.

The boy, feeling the pressure of the sinking body on his, awoke and cried out,

"What's up, Tom?"

"The cross," gasped the man. "The cross!" he repeated as he pointed to the wall.

"Where? What cross?" the boy asked, searching the indicated place.

"There, Jim, it was there a moment ago." Strange sobs broke from the shrinking man.

"Jim struggled to his feet, his amazed eyes staring at the man before him.

"Are you crazy, Tom?" he inquired.

"The curse of the cross," the man screamed. "It has followed me—followed me—"



"Aw, Tom, we have a cross at home. A silver cross—" the young voice grew eager. "It hangs by mother's bed. She keeps a candle burning in front of it." Jim sat on the over-turned table.

"Every Good Friday she covers it with a veil and puts out the candle, but on Easter Sunday she—Say, Tom, ain't this Sunday?" Jim sprang to his feet and leapt toward Tom. "Ain't it Easter, Tom?" he asked breathlessly.

"Easter!" Tom echoed dully. "Easter, Easter."

"Wan't it Sa'day when we left the prison, Tom? Now it's Easter. Ma always prays at midnight till three on Easter morning. Maybe, Tom, she's prayin' fer me. Oh ma—" the sobbing boy sank to his knees.

In the roaring night the man, amazed, watched the boy as he prayed. A light, long since wiped from the hardening face, crept in as he watched Jim stumbling over the old familiar prayer of his mother.

Was this the boy he had planned to kill? Tom shuddered. Easter! only four years ago—on Easter—just such an Easter as this had been. On Easter morning he had struck a praying priest over the head with a crow bar; in self defense, he had claimed. And the dying man had dropped in his fall a small black object—a crucifix, worn from long handling, but still bearing the figure of the Christ.

As though suddenly re-enforced the wind swept down the mountain side. The cabin swayed and shivered in the blast. The boy's sandy hair blew about

his upturned face and of its curling strands the lightning wove a halo for one brief moment before it flashed away. Jim's quivering lips muttered faster and faster as the words of his Easter prayer came back to him.

"Jim," Tom struggled to his feet, as Jim finished his prayer. "Jim," the iron voice was as gentle as the boy's mother's could have been.

"Huh!" Jim turned toward the man.

"We're going back, Jim."

"Goin' back! What!"

"Yes, boy, we're going back to the prison." Tom took Jim by the arm.

"Naw we ain't, Tom!"

"Yes, Jim. You'll be out in a year. Your mother will be waiting and praying then for you." He pushed the boy toward the door.

"What about you, Tom?"

"My mother's waiting and praying too, boy, over there, for me." There was an unaccustomed catch in Tom's voice.

"Waitin' and prayin'" Jim muttered as Tom drew the chair from the door.

The sudden burst of wind let in by the opening almost blew the two back into the room.

"Come on, Jim," Tom cried as he pulled the boy out into the storm with him.

As two dark figures battled in the storm down the valley, a piercing wind tore from the window shutter of the deserted cabin two pieces of blind, which had hung crossed above the window, and hurled them after the man and boy.



## *The Black Velvet Coat*

By LILLIAN SHEAROUSE, '29

*She wore a new black velvet coat;  
Beneath its scarlet hat her hair  
Shone midnight black,  
And lustrous black,  
And laughing did her eyes appear;  
And white the ruffles at her throat.*

*And by her side admiring strode  
A lad as young and fair as she  
They passed my gate,  
Paused by my gate,  
Walked on, and in their footsteps free,  
Spring followed, mocking, down the road.*

*That was three weary years ago,—  
This evening, on a path remote,  
They found her dead,  
Cold, white, and dead,  
Wrapped in a ruined velvet coat,  
Black, black as death against the snow.*





# The Night of the Wake

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

By FAIRFID MONSALVATGE, '27

Time—Saturday afternoon and night.

Scene—A negro cabin of two rooms.

The interior of the larger room is where the majority of the acting is laid. It has a double bed in it with a cover spotlessly white. The walls are covered in newspapers cut into fancy patterns. There are several tin cans of zinnias on the table and on the mantle piece. A tiny kitchen is seen in the background with an open door. The door leading to the sick room is closed.

Characters: Miss Elizabeth Madison, a young and pretty settlement worker, just out of college with an inborn desire to do something uplifting.

"Aunt Jane," the bereaved wife. She is about fifty years old and she looks seventy-five. She is a "Fo-de wah" negro and is honest and staunch. She is the mainspring of her family.

George Washington, the worthless son of Aunt Jane who has caused many of the white hairs of her head. He is a college educated negro, having been sent to the university by the settlement.

Pickaninnies, grandchildren of Aunt Jane; prominent among them Abe Lincoln.

Aunt Riah, the friend and counsellor of Aunt Jane.

The preacher, who speaks for himself. Neighbors who come in.

## Scene I.

(Discovered at rise of curtain are Aunt Jane and Miss Elizabeth Madison who are talking over the sudden death of "Pappy," Aunt Jane's husband. He has been a care of the settlement for some time. Aunt Jane has her apron thrown over her face and she is quite silent except for a moan every little while.) Elizabeth: There, there, Aunt Jane.

Don't take it so hard. Please call in

some of the neighbors to help you prepare for the funeral, and do take a little rest yourself. You'll be quite worn out if you don't relax. Do you remember my directions?

Aunt Jane (her eyes are wide and her face is grey with fear): Yas'm, yas'm, I members. Oh, Lawd Jedus, my ole man don gon. Efen you had a let me git dem shotters to and burn some ob mah roots on de heart, Pappy he would still been here now. Dat ar medicine didn't seem to tech dat misery in he haid, no ma'm, not a tall.

Elizabeth: Pneumonia is very tricky, and sometimes even the medicine has no power to still the progress of the germ, you know, Auntie. I'm so sorry, and I'll be back with some chicken broth for you tonight. Poor dear, you need it quite as badly. Don't forget my directions.

Aunt Jane: No'm I'll do lak you tells me. But it sho do seem to me dat mah ole man wa'nt de same sense we open dem shotters. He jes wa'nt restful like wid em up. Over en over he say to me. Dat breeze am powerful stron trough dere, Janey. Ah feels lak de debbil himself am coming through on the next bref. En ah says ter him—Dem white folks knows bes about shotters; Pappy, we'll try dere way.

Elizabeth: It wasn't the shutters being open, Auntie, dear. He needed the air. It was the frail constitution, and the lack of vitality. Oh, I forgot to ask. Has your son come yet? You had called him to his father's bedside the last time I was here?

Aunt Jane (rising up and stiffening her back): N'om, he ain't sont no word ez yit, but ah knows he'll come when he do know. He's de bes' boy, en he do be all he mammy had got to



lean on now. Dem oder young'uns ob mine wouldn't set foot in dis house until it be to dere Pappy's wake. Dere'll be here tonight. But mah boy? He'll come en help he mammy.

**Elizabeth:** Yes, I'm sure he will. Don't let things worry you, and do try to get some rest. (She goes out and leaves Aunt Jane huddled down by the fire swaying from side to side. Presently, her eyes rolling from side to side, she gets up and closes all of the shutters muttering as she does so. As yet she has called none of the neighbors in to share her grief. She builds the fire up to a roaring blaze moaning as she goes about. Often she cast her eyes towards the closed door. She pauses by the door, and the reality of her loss comes upon her with new force. She covers her head with her apron with awful shrieks. From all sides the neighbors come running and the pickaninnies gather wide eyed around the fire place.)

**Neighbors:** Aunty, tell us, fo' de Lawd.

**Aunt Jane:** He daid, he daid. Dem shotters don kill him. Aun' Riah won' heb to set up wid im now. Oh, Lawd Jedus!

**Aunt Riah (kindly):** Jest cease youh moanin's for a spell. Pappy is out ob he misery, en we ought ter be proud in dat fac'. We'all hes got to heb a wake dis berry night. Be ye got airy money?

**Aunt Jane (whining):** Mah washin' ain' brung but fifteen in de las' two mont's en it takes twenty-five for de white Casket wid de white dove on top lak you husban' was bury in, Oh, Lawd Jedus, and mah ole man ain' pay he dewes fo—twell on to tree mont's.

**Aunt Riah:** Well ef you hadn't been ez hones' ez you is wid you washin' you could hev hed dat twenty-five dollars eazy lak de oder wash omens in dis neighborhood by chargin' mo. But we'un ull collect dat ten dollars. My ole Miss ull gib me a dollar. Yaw'll clear out'en here ter git it, en be back at eight wid de money. We'll

hev de wake. Some ob youalls go down ter de wharf for de preacher. He's watchin' a crap game tween two niggers behin' a barrel. One look mighty lak yo Washy, but twa'nt he ob cose. Et eight o'clock den.

(They all go out leaving Aunt Jane. She throws on more wood and the room lights up. She takes two candles and a white spread into the other room. The glow is seen through the door. She sways and moans from side to side.)

Enter George Washington, a tall husky negro. He has run away from home to Charleston, and only his mother knew where he was. Aunt Jane is childish about him.

**George Washington:** Mammy—

**Aunt Jane (swaying):**.. I hyar de voice ob mad chile callin' ter me in mah misery.

**Washy:** Mammy, hyar ah is.

**Aunt Jane (turns around):** Lawd Jedus, in answer ter mah prayer. Come ter yer mammy. (She puts trembly arms about him.) Come set wid yoh mammy. Yoh pappy he don daid, en dey comin' ter de wake et eight o'clock.

**Washy:** Mammy I must have some ready money.

**Aunt Jane:** Talk lak de nigger, son. Yoh ole man cain' stand it, what wid all yoh larnin en all you goes away en leabes her.

**Washy (trying to stop her sentimentalizing):** Mammy has yoh enny ready cash? Ah gots ter heb twenty-five dollars tonight. Dat big black from Charleston done follow me down hyar fo hit, en he is one sho Gawd mean nigger. Ah sed ter him ez how yed help me.

**Aunt Jane:** Lawd Jedus. Dis mah son. After ah sends him money fo he bail in Alabamy, en ah gits him sont ter college foh some larning, en sens him half ob mah washin' money he comes ter ax me foh moh. Lawd Jedus, he tak de clothes off mah back. He'd tak de money for he pappy wake. Baby, yoh lobs yer mammy, don' yer? Stay



home lak ah axes yoh, en ah'll try to git dat money some how. Ah tries ter be an hones' omen in mah way en yoh is tryin' ter drag me down.

**Washy** (he gets up and walks around the room, spying the saucer with its ten dollars in coins. The idea strikes him): Mammy, how much yoh got? Ah gots ter be goin', de boat git outer here at day break en ah got ter heb a whole skin to git on wid. Dat nigger es waitin' fo me.

**Aunt Jane**: Oh, mah baby. Ax him ter gibs yer a leetle mo time, en de settlement people will help yoh. Hide hyar. Dat black won't git yer hyar. (Voices are heard outside. It is the neighbors coming for the wake; they are chanting.)

**Washy** (without giving her time to make a protest): Ah'll come back, Mammy, don' tell em ah been hyar. (He darts out the back leaving Aunt Jane motionless. She joins in the refrain): "Lawd Jedus, Lawd Jedus, standing in de need ob prayer."

#### Scene II.

(The negroes file into the room. The flicker of candles from the other room is seen through the door. Each negro goes in one at a time, and puts a contribution in the saucer for the man's burial. A characteristic "Lawd Jedus," and "Hear us, Lawd," comes through the door to the listeners. The voices begin to get hysterical, and the pickaninnies begin to whimper. Aunt Jane is seated at the center front, her head bowed over, rigid in her silence.)

**Parson Johnson** (comes to the center of the stage and lifts his hands in a blessing. Many fall to their knees, and all bow their heads): Oh, Lawd Jedus, yoh heb took our bruder from us, Blessed be de name ob de Lawd. He gibbeth en he taketh away ez well also. Blessed be his sanctimonious name. Hallelujah!

**All**: Amen, amen, hallelujah!

**Parson**: Comfort our suster which is so 'flicted wid a dead provider en a son who don' come to de aid ob he

moder. Bless des neighbors which heb giv' ob dere worldly good for de fine buryation of dere frien' en neighbor.

**All**: Lawd Jedus, Lawd Jedus.

**Parson**: Help us ter keep de watch en de kindly spirit we hev started it. Amen. (Turns to the crowd who look to him expectantly): Ef dis do meet wid yo 'proval, kin' friens en sheep ob mah flock, we will turn dis here wake into a testament meetin'. It will keep us all awake, en we all knows plenty ob nice things about dis bruder of ours who hev flew de kingly way, en we owe it to he widder ter let her hear em. We kin speak ob de beautifulsome life of his, en at de same time we kin fine our fait' anew in de presence ob his sacred corpse. Aunt Jane, you be de fus ter begin.

**Aunt Jane** (her eyes seem to have trouble focusing on the crowded room, she seems to listen for something. She begins jerkily): He war a grand husband. He brung me over hyar from Appleboro and got me fines' cooking job in dis town. We used ter eat swell on what mah ole miss ud gib me ter fotch home. He driv a hack; en Saddy nights come, we'uns put our money tergedder. He was a kin' fader. Mah Lawd heb taken him from me, Lawd Jedus (she begins to moan, becoming more hysterical.)

**Parson**: A kin' fader (echoes) Yas, sister, yas. Let us at dis pint sing de hymn "Standin' in de need ob prayer." Sis Riah will yoh hist de pitch?

**Riah**: Yes, Parson Jonsing. (They begin to sway from side to side clapping their hands at regular beats of the plaintive melody. Riah's sweet soprano floats out above the others, and they catch in on the refrain): "Yas, Lawd, Standin' in de need ob prayer." (Presently one negro shouts out) Yas Lawd, Ah feels de touch ob yo han' upon mah haid. Ah beliebs, Ah be liebs, You sho is close to us tonight. Gib us a sign, Lawd." (The air grows more tense, the clapping ceases, but



the swaying does not. A noise is heard in the other room. Aunt Jane looks up quickly. They all catch the refrain.)

All: A sign Lawd Jedus, A sign! Dat you walks among us dis holy night. (A rattle of coins is heard and a piece of crockery crashes to the floor. There is a sound of a raised window and the draught huffs out the candles in the next room, and causes the ones in the wake room to flicker and the fire to blaze up.)

Parson: Lawd Jedus, hab mercy upon us. It is de resurrection ob de dead. De Lawd hab heard our prayer fur a sign, Belieb on Him,—Dat is what he say. (His voice rises almost to a shriek.) I hyar de footsteps. I hyar de money clink, I hyar de saucer fall when he knock hit over, and I hyar de winder raise when he soul deepart.

All (standing up and clapping with the exception of Aunt Jane): He gib a sign, He feel our faith in Him.

Parson (jerks his collar off and opens his double breasted ceremonial coat): We beliebs on Him ez he say in de Good Book. We must belieb our years. All de doubters would you belieb you eyes? Lawd gib us another sign. Let us see de sanctified shadow. (There is a heavy stamp heard on the porch. A white robed figure passes by the window. The head has a white hood and phosphorescent eyes shine through. It shrieks in drunken glee at the commotion inside.)

Aunt Jane (runs to the window and sees her son departing in a motor boat and hears the sound of the departing Evinrude motor...: Oh Lawd, he gone, and once mo ah is all alone. (The mourners do not pay her any heed and do not notice that her remark is out of the way.)

Parson: On yoh knees ebery one. The spirit ob de Lawd don pass us by.

All: Blessed be de Lawd.

Riah: Dem candles is out. Ah'll jes step to de do and light de presence

ergain. (They watch her in awed silence.)

Riah: His spirit hab certainly fled. His dustly body am lak we fix hit. Lawd Jedus! De money ain' on de floor. It ain' hyar!

Aunt Jane: Money gone? Not gone?

Riah: Yas, it sho do be gone. Some sperrit.

Parson (consolingly): De Lawd am awful powerful. He maketh de physical to vanish into de sperritual.

Aunt Jane: De day am breaking. He's gone. Ah all alone. All alone.

Grandchild: Now, granny, you don got me.

Riah: Dis am de worryation. You ax a ole oman what in her lifetime hab done hed two head ob husbands and more'n six chillun tell you at you cain' hab no decent burying thout no money. What we all gwine ter do?

Aunt Jane (weakly): Miss Lisbeth at de settlement, she'll gib it ter yer. Ax her please on yer way home, hit daylight now.

Parson: De light am breaking on us ergain. We'll be back fer de funeral. Down de lane er-chantin' our sassiety hymn, brederen en sisteren. "We'll meet yoh at de ribber." (They file out, singing softly.)

(Aunt Jane stirs around, beginning to boil water on the hearth and preparing for breakfast. Her two grandchildren lie asleep on a chair.)

Aunt Jane: Gone! Mah boy, wid all he larnin' already fergits what he mammy do fer him, fergits he gib me all mah gray hairs, en gone ter hell er worser. (A step is heard.)

Miss Elizabeth: I hear your money has disappeared. The settlement is willing to advance you the amount you asked for. Peculiar how it disappeared. Have you any idea how—?

Aunt Jane (draws herself up and looks the settlement worker in the eyes in a way foreign to her. It was as though her back were against the wall, and her heart broken, fighting to the last): It was a sign from hebbin'.



All of the wakers seen it. It war an answer to our prayer, Miss Lizbeth. I do not quire into the deed ob mah Lawd.

Miss Elizabeth (faintly): 'Mm, yes. Well I must be going.

Pickaninnie (waking up): Er Miss Elizabeth, heb you fergotten me?

Miss Elizabeth: Fergotten you?

Abraham Lincoln: Yas'm yoh owes me fifty. (He burrows his toe in the rug.)

Miss Elizabeth: Fifty cents?

Abe Lincoln: Yas'm. I went roun' fer all dem sitters-up fer yoh!

Miss Elizabeth (spluttering): For me! well indeed. Fifty cents! Poor child. (She goes out.)

Aunt Jane: Cheeild, come hyar ter yoh granny. Stay close ter her, and don yer never leab her alone. Mah boy, Mah Washy, My ole man, Lawd Jedus. Ah all alone. (She bows her head.)

Curtain.

## *It Is Sunlight*

*It is sunlight. And eyeletted shadows  
Tone down the glare of green  
And leave a dusky velvet  
With only splashes of restless spleen.*


*It is sunlight. I stand in my door,  
I stand and thoughtfully yearn  
For night and moon with halo of gold  
When the fire of life does not cruelly burn  
And I my face upward may worshipfully turn.*





## The Things of Anne

By VIRGINIA CREEL, '28

OHN CATE walked with a lifeless tread up the walk that was like all the others in the block; stooped and pulled a weed from the handkerchief patch of green that was exactly the size and shape of those of his neighbors; looked with tired dogged eyes at the front of the house which differed from its companions up and down the street only in that it was a glaring yellow where they were glaring browns and greens, then with a resigned shrug dragged up the steps, and disappeared within the door way.

He had come home. The blazing sun flower patch of a picture at the end of the hall greeted him; the frayed spot in the rug greeted him, and from the stuffy back of the house, the odor of frying sausage greeted him. He visualized the dinner, that sausage, potatoes, beans, and tomato salad. His mind flew back to the last meal he had eaten, that lunch of Anne's, so perfect in her perfect dining room that he had been aware only of its perfectness and not of the individual dishes of food.

But from the little kitchenette Janette was running to meet him, and he blinked his eyes as if to erase the picture. That seemed to be getting habitual. He had wiped out visions of Anne's garden, her lawn, and her arched doorway all since he had come in sight of his house.

"Here's my John," his wife was smiling. Her yellow curls were a little tousled, her face a faint pink from the heat of the gas stove, and one great splash of grease was on her pink apron.

"I'm dying to hear all about the trip," Janette was bubbling with curiosity, "Are the Benson's as lovely as ever? Are you to have the case? You look so tired. It's cooler on the porch; let's go out there and you can tell me all about it."

John smiled back at her. "All right, dear, but first where is Jane?"

"In her room, buried in an awful old book as usual. John, that child—But here she comes. She heard you."

He smiled again. This time for his daughter, and she was truly his with straight dark hair and deep brown eyes that had caused her maternal relatives in their family conclaves to refer to her as "Plain Jane." She was his with his likes and dislikes. The straight brown linen that she wore was of her own making, and he remembered the usual warm discussion between her and Janette over whether there should be frills and furbulows. She had won out as usual, and in this respect, he often told himself, she was not his. But she was his, too, in the matter of a given name. Jane had been his choice. Dazed by an amazing list of "—ette's," and "—etta's," he had stood for Jane. It was beautiful, dignified, and more distinctive, he had said, and because he wanted it so much and had given in in every thing else, Janette had acquiesced. She hated it though and had many times on special occasions proudly said, "And this is our little Janette."

So he smiled at his Jane, and tenderly inquired as he cupped her chin in his hand and turned up her serious little face, "What has my little gypsy girl been doing while I was visiting Mr. Benson?"

"Reading, Daddy, and painting a little. There's a tree in Uncle Jack's back yard that was the best to draw. I—"

"Daddy's tired, Janie, don't bother him now with the tree. We're going out where it's cooler, and hear about the Bensons."

The three of them went to the porch. John and Janette sat in the swing that hung in the same corner and faced the same way as the Brown's, the Mitchell's, the Barcelow's. Jane propped herself against the half-pillow at the steps.

"Yes, Mr. Benson is going to give



me the case, but it is not going to be a big one. I'm rather tired, though, because I had to go over the case and at the same time enter into the week-end gaities. A regular party was there, and Anne would not let me miss anything."

John looked at his wife quickly, but she was unperturbed. He had known Anne Benson all his life, and had always called her by her given name. Janette never gave it a thought. Jealousy was not one of her traits.

"It must have been much cooler out there." Janette fanned herself with her apron, and sighed a little wearily.

He did not notice the sigh. The cool porch with the breeze from the lake at Anne's was before him. He tried again to shake the picture of Anne's home, and every thing about her, but his tone was more listless than before.

"Of course, it's delightful in the mountains."

But Jane was smiling again. "Will you get much from the case?"

"No, no more than usual."

Janette's spirits refused to be dampened. "Their home is lovely, isn't it?"

He turned almost crossly, "It's perfect." Why would she bring it up when he was trying to forget it?

As he turned he saw that her eyes were bright and her general air was the one he knew as meaning a secret, a new hat or dress or a surprise for him.

"What have you been doing? I see a secret in your eyes."

"While the cat's away, the mice will play," Janette began, and stood up. I've a surprise for you. I hope you'll like it, John. You didn't like the living room as it was, I know, and we had some money saved up, and there was a bargain on at Elliot's. Come and see."

John Cate was tired again, exceedingly tired, and as he followed his wife into the hall he had a premonition of something unpleasant. He had disliked the living room, but not more than any of the rest of the house. It was like the

Brown's house, the Mitchell's house. It was all cheap, all on the same pattern, all absolutely devoid of individuality and beauty. But it could be worse. He shuddered.

"It's a dear of a wicker suit just like Susie Barcelow's," Janette was babbling, "and the sweetest rose curtains, and roses in the rug."

At the door, John gazed around him, and saw as if two pictures were before him Janette's idea of a beautiful room and the one he had been in for the week-end, Anne's. He did not blink it away this time; he gloried in it. Anne Benson satisfied every thing he vaguely but poignantly wanted. He felt himself the man he wanted to be, the man he was meant to be around her. There were the old bits of tapestry hung on her beautiful walls, the precious rugs with their rich oriental patterns, the carving in a priceless old walnut table, the dull beaten gold bowl full of fragrant yellow roses that sat in that western window where the setting sun bathed them in rosy light. All these flashed up before him, the things he loved, the things Anne loved, the things that were Anne.

Rebellion surged up in him hotly. He hated the glaring reddish tinge of the woodwork, the shiny wicker of the furniture, the fragrant roses of that rug, and above all that pink glass bowl with artificial flowers in it. He hated them; hated the whole business; he hated life; hated his wife for she liked these things. These things were Janette. He would not stand it any longer. He would tell her. How he'd love to say the things he'd been thinking for years. The adjectives to hurl at her boiled up, and he turned toward her. Then he saw himself in the mirror, the new shiny mirror over the table. He was grey; his face was lined. He was a tired old man, tired from struggling all his life.

John Cate began struggling when his beautiful half-artist mother left him to a father and step-mother who reared him in a dingy little five-room house on the dirtiest street in town. He loathed the



smelly room next to the kitchen where he slept. The cheap scratchy little suits that they gave him to wear, he threw in the fire, but grabbed them back, and put them on miserably. He stayed away from home as much as he could, and when he was sixteen he thought he had found a way out. He began painting, and went to night classes in art school.

One day his instructor told him, "John Cate, you love the beautiful, but you have not the ability to create it on canvas. Some talent, yes, but don't waste your time."

Then from somewhere his father brought the money for a second rate law course, because he must do something, and old Peter Cate was a lawyer by pretention. He was discontented, though, until Anne Carter appeared. He met her at school, and she was a magnet drawing him with her charm and her exquisite taste. He loved her, finished law school, found a small job, and then she told him.

"John I'll never be happy without the things that you can not buy for me. I'm going to marry Winton Benson.

Then crushed again, he met Janette. She lived in a little house on a narrow street, in his neighborhood, and was not above him. She was gay, and sunny, and laughed at him. He tried to make her bright little face take the place of Anne's, fell in love with her, and married her. Since then every day had been a struggle, and he had gotten nowhere.

John looked at his image in the mirror. He saw a weak man, a man who had always been too weak to do anything.

If he had been strong, he would have painted. If he had been strong, he would have worked at his law and given Janette money to buy precious old tapestries and beaten gold bowls, or bought them for her. Anne's bowl would buy a hundred of those pink ones. And he had never had enough to give Janette real roses; then why blame her for buying artificial ones. Revolt died within him; and it was suddenly the man in the mirror that he hated, not his wife. He hated himself for the failure he was.

Janette was watching his survey anxiously. Dear frilly, fluffy, frivolous Janette,—he did love her. She kept his home, and spent the few pennies he could give her on rose curtains and rugs for him. And her life was not too easy. She didn't enjoy the struggles any more than he. Then there was Jane to add complications in the last few years. She had begun to fight out with poor little Janette these same issues. And she strangely won out where her father had not. There were the plain little dresses that her mother hated. There was the incident of last week when Jane bought a can of cream paint and covered all the blazing flowers on the furniture of her room, and hung simple blue curtains. Janette had cried a little, and moaned that it was just like Jane, and she'd always wanted her called Janette.

No, Janette needn't be hurt again because he was a miserable failure. Jane was strong; he flung the torch to her; buried the things of Anne, and turned to his wife.

"It's a lovely room, dear."



## Though You Laugh Today

By ELEANOR McDONALD, '29

(Poetic translation of Horace's XV Epode)

*It was night and in the heavens  
Shone the moon 'mongst lesser stars  
When you falsely swearing  
Showed the power of Jove and Mars.*

*Swearing, yea, in my own words  
While your arms around me wound  
More tightly even than the oak  
Is with clinging ivy bound.*

*Swearing, yea, that while the wolf  
Is hateful to the peaceful flocks,  
While the breeze should dishevel  
Fair Apollo's unshorn locks,*

*While Orian, dread to sailors  
Should disturb the wintry sea,  
Even then, yea forever,  
This our love should mutual be.*

*Even after, O Nealva,  
You shall mourn my fortitude,  
For if there be man in Flaccus  
He will not be thus subdued.*

*For never will he suffer  
You to give successive nights  
To another one, more favored,  
Which he feels are his by rights.*

*And when his anger has arisen  
One more fitting will be found;  
Then your once offending beauty  
Shall no more his fond heart bind.*

*But you, O thou more favored,  
Whosoever you may be,  
Gladdened by my own misfortune  
How you strut about in glee!*

*But though you be rich in cattle  
And art wealthy as to land,  
Though Pactolus, stream most golden,  
Flows into your very hand.*

*Though you understand the secrets  
Of Pythagoras, twice-born,  
Though you far outshine Nirea  
When your beauty you adorn.*

*Ah, alas, you shall be mourning  
Your affections turned away—  
Then I in my turn, shall mock you  
As you laugh at me today!*



## Cops

By MAUDE McGEHEE, '28



MALL Tony pulled his ragged cap over his roguish brown eyes, sat down on the curb stone, and chewed his gum thoughtfully. By and by two more boys, just as ragged, just as dirty, took their seats beside him in silence.

"Them brats," Policeman Dennison remarked to another officer, "Them brats is up to somethin'. Keep yer eye on 'em. They're slick ones, they are."

Tony shot a quick look at the boys beside him and continued chewing his gum.

"Where'd ja git the gum?" Jake's conversation was innocent enough.

"Mother give it to me for goin' to the store fer her." Tony chewed on.

"What's up?" Eddie's thin sly face was turned toward the two policemen at the corner.

"Wait'll they go," Tony grinned in anticipation as he jerked a dirty thumb toward the two men who were moving off, "Ole Izzy's got in a lot of fresh oranges an' he's put 'em out in front—"

"A raid?" put in Jake, "We kin all run up at once n'—"

"Say, but you're easy!" Tony's voice was scornful, "That ole hound would yell murder in a minute. Then where'd we all be? Now lissen—," he leaned easily against the family trash can that stood near the street. The three ragged caps held council with many chuckles of approval.

"Now you go on in, Eddie—," Tony suggested with an imperative wave of his grimy paw.

"Aw," objected the boy, "do it yerself."

"G'wan, baby, I'm not scared to do it," his handsome little face evinced the contempt that he felt.

Eddie turned quickly.

"I ain't forgot how to fight either," the slender ragged figure still leaned easily against the trash can.

"Aw, let's be goin' about it," Jake put in, "Them cops will be back pretty soon. Save the fight."

The curb was deserted. Policeman Dennison and Policeman Burt, coming along in the vicinity of the trash can, looked about them.

"Gone," commented Dennison, looking at the rows of houses, all gray—gray doors, gray stone steps, dirty gray curtains hanging out of gray windows. His eye travelled over the groups of dirty children playing here and there laughing loudly or quarreling shrilly.

"Gone," he repeated, "Wonder where?"

Policeman Burt shook his head as he surveyed the deserted curb stone beside the trash can.

"Up to somethin'," Dennison remarked, "Always is when Tony Hunter's in the gang. Worst kid in Wingside, slick as you make 'em."

"We'll get 'im yet," predicted his friend, "He can't dodge us always. They get—" a shriek interrupted him.

"T'ief; Help! P'lice, p'lice!" Izzy stood in the door of his fruit stand wringing his hands, "Dey vant mine oranges, dey stole 'em. Q'viek, da boys! Dey run mit mine oranges," he wailed.

Meanwhile Jake, Eddie, and Tony were enjoying the forbidden fruit, each with pockets bulging queerly.

"And eat 'em all up or throw 'em away," Tony counselled, "I've gotto go home and help Mother git in the wood. I dasn't ketch you all tellin' either," and with this he stepped over a pile of rubbish, swung over the fence, and was gone.

"Tony thinks he's so smart," volunteered Eddie, between gulps of orange, "Dem cops is gonna git him some of these days, you jes' watch and see."

"Aw, quit gripin'," admonished Jake, "Where'd you be if it wasn't fer him?"

Eddie ignored the remark.



"Funny, them airs he puts on. I'm as good as he is if I don't call Ma 'mother.' Where'd he git that way? De cops'll be de end of him all right."

Jake threw away the last peeling and walked away.

"S'long," he grunted in disgust.

"Nev' mind," Eddie muttered, "Nev' mind."

Tony bounded into the three room house that he called home and slammed the door. The odor of frying fish filled the place. He wrinkled his nose appreciatively.

"You haven't brought in the wood have you?" he asked, smiling up at the pale faced woman standing over the stove.

"No, dear, hurry and get it in. Supper will be ready when you're through."

"Where's Elsie?" he asked as he let an armful of wood fall into the wood box, "Gone to a show with Fred?"

His mother nodded as she helped his plate.

"Why don't she stay with you sometime?" he bolted a piece of fish and pulled the soap box he was sitting on nearer the table, "When I grow up I'm gonna get rich and then you won't have to sew for a living."

Mrs. Hunter smiled indulgently at the small face across the table.

"Remember, darling, tomorrow will be Sunday, so come in early tonight. Sister won't be home until late."

Tony turned up his nose and sighed.

"Let's wash the dishes now," he suggested, "Elsie'll git a feed down town from Fred—."

"Anthony Hunter!" his mother threw up her hands in despair, "Won't you ever learn to speak good English?" for although Clara Hunter lived in Wing-side, did her own cooking, and sewed for a living, she had once been one of the popular teachers in the Wingside school.

"Saturday night's 'off night'," grinned her son as he patted her hand lovingly, "Mother dear, I'm not talking English, I'm talking American. See?"

He slid out into the night and looked about. The usual Saturday night crowds surged up and down the streets. Putting his finger to his mouth, he emitted a loud whistle.

A shadow appeared from an alley, another from a door step near by, and two more from the curb stone near the trash can.

"Big haul tonight, everything's gonna be closed tomorrow," he spoke to the boys, "Ole Izzy got loud today. Don't go near his store, I ain't itching to sleep behind the bars tonight. Go easy."

"Where to?" Jake wriggled his toe out of the hole in his shoe.

"Les try the bakery, maybe we kin hook some pies or doughnuts there."

They nodded to each other.

"Make it quick, I gotta be in by nine," cautioned Tony as he lost himself in the crowd.

People pushed and shoved in the bakery. Customers made sarcastic remarks about the service while perspiring clerks rushed here and there. Tony edged up to the counter where the pies were. It was only the work of a minute to appropriate two pies along with the pocketbook of the man nearest him. The crowd surged backward and forward, but Tony slipped out into the darkness and sped home.

"Go 'way, now, g'wan," the voice of a child made him halt on his way and listen.

"Gimme that money before I take it."

Tony carefully deposited his burden on a door step and approached the scene of action.

"Let 'er alone, Jim," he said walking between the boy and the little girl.

"Keep yer trap shut. This ain't none of your business!"

"Ain't it?" There was a quick gesture and Jim and Tony were rolling on the pavement.

Policeman Dennison picked each culprit up by the collar, as a cat picks up kittens.

"Can't you kids behave?" he growled.



"But Tony made him leave me alone," piped up Jane's small voice behind the blue uniform.

"What's that?" Dennison turned around and eyed the small specimen of humanity behind him.

"Jim wanted my money and Tony wouldn't let him take it," she explained, "Please let Tony loose."

But Tony had already jerked loose, vanished into the shadows where he retrieved his booty, and was gone. Five minutes later he flattened himself against the wall as Policeman Burt passed. Nine o'clock found him submitting to a vigorous washing rendered by his mother.

"Why do people hafta get clean for Sundays? Don't they let 'em go to church dirty?" he inquired.

His mother said nothing.

At eleven the next day, Mrs. Hunter, Tony, and Elsie were seated in church. He had always refused to go to Sunday School, but he had no objections to going to church with his mother. Today he was singing lustily, his bright face shining, his brown eyes lifted to the ceiling, and his turbulent curls brushed into order.

"Look at 'im there," Policeman Dennison whispered to his wife, "Ye'd never believe he was such a little criminal—that Tony Hunter, with him settin' there and the smile of 'im like a little angel."

"And his mother don't know the truth about 'im?" Mrs. Dennison whispered back. Her husband shook his head.

"Nobody will tell her. He's her idol." "Nor his sister?"

"Too busy tryin' to ketch that young manager at the mill to notice Tony. Elsie would like to get away from that block. She's got a good chance to do it too, I hear. Fred Walton is hard hit by her black curls and her dimples."

"But the boy?" his wife persisted, watching the child across the aisle.

"Juvenile Court and the reformatory, I expect." Again Dennison shook his head.

"Does he go to school?"

"Yep—his ma was a school teacher before she married Hunter, the kid does all his devilment after school hours."

During the course of the sermon Tony was forgotten and it was a week later before he crossed Dennison's path again.

"Those boys on your beat are getting to be regular rogues, Dennison," the chief-of-police tapped his pencil on his desk and looked at the policeman. "Watch out for them. They plan regular raids I hear, and do a great deal of damage. They're on the straight road to the reformatory."

"Yes, sir," Dennison turned toward the door in time to see the subject of their conversation go down the street.

Following closely, but so as not to seem to be trailing, he went down the street. Tony dropped down beside the trash can and whistled a queer whirring whistle. In a few minutes Eddie and Jake appeared. They looked at Tony's flushed face and sat down on the curb.

"Cops been after ye?" Jake lighted a cigarette.

Tony shook his head.

"Got an idea!" he informed them, "A swell one, too!"

A shadow fell across the top of the trash can.

"There's a big crack in the east window of Jackson's jewelry store—"

The other boys gasped.

"Well, why not?" Tony tilted his roguish face to one side and regarded them coolly, "Willin' to try? They'll be a chase from the cops maybe—"

Three small heads came close together and when they looked up there was not a soul in sight—not even a shadow on top of the trash can.

The next day, a tearful woman in a black dress sat near the desk of the judge. An indignant girl with flaming cheeks looked about the court room. Tony, with his unruly curls and shabby clothes was looking the judge over from top to toe with careless, contemptuous eyes.

"You deliberately planned this, Anthony," he spoke firmly yet kindly,



"Didn't you know you would be caught? The law keeps an eye on suspicious characters. I am very sorry, Mrs. Hunter that you have been so ignorant about his actions."

The brown eyes looked about the room where several other boys sat with their parents. He said nothing.

"I never knew—I never dreamed—," his mother moaned.

Elsie darted furious glances at her young brother, but he was utterly indifferent. His small mouth was drawn into a straight line.

"Anthony, be a man," the judge urged, "It isn't manly to steal and by doing so you hurt your mother. You can do right—" he laid a friendly hand on the boy's shoulder.

"I'll try, sir," the words were spoken in a low tone and the small hand in the pocket clenched hard.

"You're on probation for a while now," continued the judge "until you prove you can be a law abiding boy and go straight. If you can't—you know it's the reformatory."

"Yes, sir," the small hands were fumbling with the frayed cap.

"Then, case is dismissed," the judge nodded to Mrs. Hunter.

It was a subdued group that left the Juvenile Court and went down the street together. No word was spoken until they were inside the small gray house. Elsie broke forth in a torrent of wrath. Snatches of her tirade came to the child's ears as he stood awkwardly patting his mother's drooping shoulders.

"Thief!—ruined my chance with Fred Walton—selfish little brat—ought to go to the reformatory."

What she said mattered little to Tony. It was his mother's words that hurt him.

"Hunted, on probation! Oh, Tony, son, don't follow in the foot steps of your father!"

He caught up his cap and whirled out of the room. Elsie didn't matter, but to have hurt his mother, oh, it was terrible! His face flushed at the thought.

Just then Jane came around the corner.

"De cops got cha?" she poked a dirty face under the cap, "What cha gonna do now?"

Tony sat down on the trash can and scowled at the pavement under his feet.

"I'm gonna find de boid what told and smash his face!" he announced, it would never do to let Jane know he was going to reform.



## A Wisp of Moonlight

By FRANCES HORNER, '27



*Oh, I lay dreaming fairy dreams  
One night not long ago,  
When lazily I drifted back,  
Just why—I did not know.*

*For it was happiness to dream  
And feel such gay delight,  
But—as I woke—across my bed  
I saw a mellow light.*

*And dancing in that radiant glow,  
Which Cynthia from on high  
Had sent to brighten up the earth,  
A moonbeam I did spy.*

*Amazement slowly drifted in;  
My eyes, I thought, betrayed,  
I rubbed them—yes, and winked them too—  
But still the wonder stayed.*

*And then it stopped—perhaps as though  
To melodies it swayed  
That could not be by mortal clay  
Attended or essayed.*

*It was a tiny little sprite  
And as he saw me look—  
He threw a kiss to me, and waited  
Till that kiss I took.*

*And then I blew him one in turn.  
And—as it left my hand  
It turned into a tiny ship  
And left for moonbeam land.*

*“Farewell, oh child of earth,” came back  
A tiny whispered breath.  
A tinkling laughter floated far—  
The moonbeam boy had left.*



## Mother Is a Dear!

By MARY MARSH, '27

Scene: Living-room of the Allison home.  
Characters: Mrs. Allison, serenely dignified.

Mr. Allison, rotund and gray-haired.  
Janice, the daughter.

Harold Mallard, the man.

Mrs. A. (quietly): Richard, what time is it?

Mr. A.: Umph.

Mrs. A. (sharply): Richard, what time is it?

Mr. A. (drawing out his watch with a groan): Oh Marthy, it is now exactly ten minutes later than it was the last time you asked me. It was then ten-thirty; so now it is ten-forty—or to be more exact it is ten-forty-one. Waiting up for Jan?

Mrs. A.: Yes, Richard, I'll wait up. They'll be here in a few minutes unless they went to dance after the show, and I don't think they were going to tonight. It worries me to see Janice go out all the time.

Mr. A.: Oh she's young yet, Marthy. Let her have her fun.

Mrs. A.: She has fun enough, my dear, but fun is a poor substitute for happiness, and it is her happiness that I'm concerned over. I wish the child could know what she wants.

Mr. A.: Wants? Why she wants nothing. She has everything already.

Mrs. A.: Men are stupid. Richard, no girl is happy really merely because she has everything. You think Janice is happy because you never see her except when she is just coming in or just going out on some kind of party or other. I see her when she is here at home with nothing to do. I'll admit that such times are few, but on these rare occasions you would not recognize the laughing Janice you think you know.

Mr. A.: Why, what's the matter?

Mrs. A.: Why, she is like a caged animal, she is so restless. Bored.

Bored to tears. That is her constant complaint if she is quiet at home a few hours.

Mr. A.: But Marthy, she's young. . . .

Mrs. A.: Young? Why when I was her age she was two years old herself and I was keeping that old, old house of your father's without the help of a single servant. I'm sure I didn't complain of boredom. I did not have time to think whether I was bored or not. And I was happy, too.

Mr. A.: But, Marthy, times have changed. . . .

Mrs. A.: Richard, I know that times have changed but I know, too, that in spite of time human nature is the same as ever. Janice Allison needs something to do to keep her mind off herself. (She goes to answer the telephone) . . . Hello. . . .

Mrs. Allison. . . . No, she is out. . . . No . . . . Yes, William, I'll tell her. Good-bye

Mr. A.: William. . . . Bah!!!

Mrs. A.: Bah of course, Richard, but one does not dare let a child know one does not approve. Disapproval adds too much flavor to the game. But poor Janice, she can't be blamed for not disliking the Schyler Lincoln, and no girl could dislike orchids.

Mr. A.: Well, if you don't blame her, what is it you're disturbed about?

Mrs. A.: Why I think it is about time Janice make some selection. She can't go on like this indefinitely, and Harold does not seem to make much showing with his salary in comparison with the Schyler income.

Mr. A. (snorting): So that's it, is it? You prefer William Van Heusen Schyler to Hal Mallard on account of his money.

Mrs. A.: Richard, do not be foolish. You know that I am not mercenary. The point that I was trying to bring out is that I am afraid that Janice does



not realize Harold's real worth. Why I think that he is really splendid, and I am convinced that Janice loves him, but she will not admit it even to herself. She just needs to be waked up to the fact. We ought to be able to do something.

Mr. A.: Yes, WE ought. I reckon Jan knows what she wants.

Mrs. A.: No, Richard, I'm afraid she doesn't (dreamily.) Why, dear heart.

Mr. A. (suspiciously): Huh?

Mrs. A. (continuing): Do you remember how I would never admit that I loved you until that night that you drank too much at the reception and my father was . . . well, at least, er . . . a little rude.

Mr. A. (chuckling sheepishly): Remember? But, Marthy, you don't expect me to be rude to Hal? I've never seen him drunk. Why I like the boy.

Mrs. A.: Of course you do and so do I and so does Janice but she must be waked up to the fact. But here they come. Enter Harold and Janice both glum.

Mrs. A. (brightly): And how was the show?

Both: Rotten!!!

Mr. A.: Must have been to bring on such a storm cloud. . . .

Mrs. A. (glares at him, then sweetly): William called about the picnic tomorrow. They are planning to leave early.

J.: Thanks.

Mrs. A.: Come Richard; they will excuse us. You will find some sandwiches and punch in the refrigerator.

Mr. A.: I believe I'll have a sandwich.

Mrs. A. (glaring at him again): No, Richard, your indigestion.

Mr. A.: Oh, well, good-night, Jan, my darlin', and good-night to you, Hal.

Both (grunt together): 'Night.

Mrs. A. (sweetly): The sandwiches are good, Janice. Good-night.

Both (as before): 'Night.

Long Silence.

J: Well, Hal, old dear, I'm afraid it's no go. Let's just call it off.

H: Oh, Jan, don't. You know I can't.  
J: I've said it all before, but to repeat. . . .

H: Oh, Jan, I know we have our ups and downs, but you know I love you, have loved you ever since the first time I saw you, love you even more now, and will love you forever and ever. . . .

J: A-men!!

H: Well, if you won't take me seriously. . . .

J: Now, Hal. . . .

H: I guess you're right. Guess it is about time to call it off. I might have realized all the time I had no chance, but, law, I couldn't help loving you, and sometimes I've hoped maybe. . . .

J: Now, Hal, don't start any of that old sob stuff. You know I think lots of you. . . .

H: Think lots of me maybe, but I can't go on this way playing second fiddle while a little nit. . . .

J: Why, Harold Mallard. . . .

H: Oh, I know I've been a fool all the time. Of course my old bus can't compare with Mr. William Van Heusen Schyler's Lincoln, and I know my roses look sick beside his orchids, and I know it's good to play golf or tennis any afternoon, but I've got a job to hold down. I could buy a new car and even orchids on my salary maybe, but I've been trying to put a bit by all along so I could at least offer Jan a home. But what is a little house compared with Lincolns and orchids?

J: Hal, you are positively insulting. You know that I would not let money influence my. . . .

H: Of course not, Jan, it's just that you prefer the type of American manhood that the wealthy Mr. Schyler represents.

J (giggling): Oh, Hal. . . .

H (infuriated): So I'm funny, am I? Make a monkey out of me then and go on your picnic with little Willie Schyler!!



**J** (still giggling): Oooo . . . . If you don't leave off the dramatics, I'm afraid I'll weaken and say the little word. Now come on Hal, and lets talk sense. Don't be mad with Jan.. (He weakens and sits down beside her. She begins with mock solemnity): Harold Mallard, there are several reasons why I, Janice Allison, can not consent to become your wife. A-hem!

**H**: Jan, this is no joke with me. . . .

**J**: Nor with me, Hal. I can't marry you because I don't love you. . . .

**H**: Then there is someone else.

**J**: No, nobody else.

**H**: Then . . . .

**J**: In the first place you drink. . . .

**H**: Jan, you never saw me drunk. . . .

**J**: But you drink. . . .

**H**: Only when you make life miserable for me by flirting outrageously with other men. . . .

**J**: There's another reason. You're too insanely jealous.

**H**: Who wouldn't be when the girl he loves carries on like you do at every. . . .

**J**: There's the third reason. You're utterly selfish. Not wanting me to have any fun, ever.

**H** (explosively): Selfish? Selfish? You give lots of time thinking of others. You're not. . . .

**J** (calmly): Fourth reason, Hal. A man with a temper like yours. . . .

**H** (even more violently): I haven't got a temper! But you're enough to make anybody . . . .

**J**: Maybe there is somebody you like better than you do me.

**H**: Maybe not, but maybe I can find somebody who. . . .

**J**: Oh, so that's it. There is somebody else. . . .

**H**: Now, Jan. . . .

**J**: I saw Betty Benson back in town. . .

**H**: Jan, you know that was all over long ago. . . .

**J**: I do not know it, and you're. . . .

**H**: Have it your own way then, but I'll need somebody to play around with

while you're airing around with little Willie Schyler.

**J**: I would not be bum sport enough to say things about William Schyler if I were you running around with that catty Benson girl. Harold Mallard I never thought it would come to this. I'm glad I came to realize your real nature before I consented to marry you.

**H**: Were you thinking of it? I got the wrong impression.

**J** (storming): You accuse me of being mercenary, and call me an outrageous flirt, and talk about my friends and I stand for all that, but you are not only a drunken sot, an utterly selfish pig, and a jealous fiend with an uncontrollable temper, but you are a Perfect Beast!!! Go on!! Go with that Benson cat. . . .

**H** (stalking out with great dignity): And my congratulations to little Willie Schyler!!

Janice sobs with great gusto.

**Mrs. A. (off-stage)**: Janice, did you find the sandwiches?

Louder sobs from Janice and Mrs. Allison enters looking wise and smiling shyly: Why, my darling, what is the matter? and where is Harold?

**J**: He's dead as far as I'm concerned. I hate him!

**Mrs. A. (soothingly)**: Of course you hate him darling, there, there, but why?

**J**: Why? Why? Because he's going off and give that Betty Benson a big rush. . . . and I hate him!

**Mrs. A.**: But why should you hate him him for that. You are not jealous, are you?

**J**: I hate him; I tell you!

**Mrs. A.**: There, there, don't cry so. You don't care what Harold Mallard does. . . . (enter Mr. Allison in a state of partial undress): Why I've never approved of him anyway. . . .

**Mr. A.**: Why, Marthy, I thought. . . .

**Mrs. A.**: No, you didn't think, Richard. Now, Janice, don't cry any more. Harold is a. . . .



Mr. A.: What's he done? He's all. . . .

Mrs. A.: No, Richard (frantic motions behind Janice's back): Now, Janice, stop crying so. Of course I've never said anything, but in the first place I could not approve of Harold because he drinks. . . .

Janice straightens up.

Mr. A.: But, Marthy, I used to. . . .

Mrs. A.: Richard!

J: But, Mother, he never gets drunk, and he just drinks when I don't play fair.

Mrs. A.: I know, dear, but he's so insanely jealous he. . . .

J: But, Mother, I don't play fair.

Mrs. A.: And he is utterly selfish. . . .

J: Why, Mother, he is always most thoughtful of me. . . .

Mrs. A.: And he has an uncontrollable temper. . . .

J: Why, Mother, he's. . . .

Mrs. A.: And about this Benson. . . .

J: Why, Mother, he doesn't care anything about her! You know he doesn't. That was all over long ago.

Mrs. A.: But, my dear, William Van Heusen Schyler is such a. . . .

J: Well, if you prefer the type of American manhood that he represents. . . .

Mrs. A.: But, Janice, Harold Mallard is a drunken sot, an utterly selfish pig, a jealous fiend, a. . . .

J (running to her father): Daddy, do you hear that? Imagine my own mother saying things like that about the man I'm going to marry. . . .

J: My own mother! I think you are simply horrid! (rushing out madly): Hal! Hal! Wait!

Mr. A. (staring open mouthed at his wife): Well, Marthy, I'll swear! You women. I thought you said you liked the boy. . . .

Mrs. A.: Like him? My dear, I have chosen him for a son-in-law. But let's clear the stage. I'll get those sandwiches.

Mr. Allison stands center-stage till she returns with the tray. He shakes his head and chuckles.

Mr. A.: Golly, those look good! I believe I'll eat one.

Mrs. A.: Richard, your indigestion. . . . Oh, well, one. But here comes Janice back with the son-in-law of my choice.

Janice and Harold enter oblivious of everything but themselves till they spy the tray.

J: Isn't my Mother a dear?

Curtain.

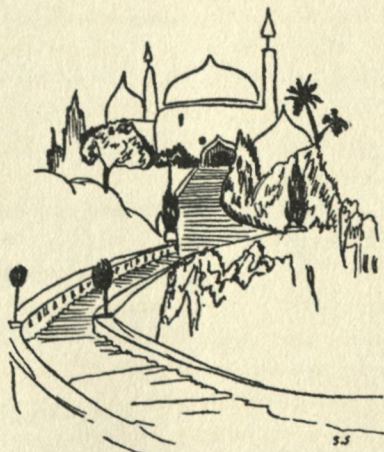


## *A Poet's Immortal Fame*

By ROBERTA JONES, '28

(Poetic translation of Horace's ode.)


*The monuments I've built will outlive brass  
And tower o'er pyramids' lofty height;  
Nor wasting rain, nor Notus can surpass,  
Nor countless years, nor seasons in their flight.  
Just in part, not wholly shall I die;  
When pontiff and silent Virgin the Capitol ascend  
On and on continuously shall I  
Still fresh in prosperity's praise contend.  
Since I first, from low estate now raised,  
Aeolian verse to Latin measure brought,  
Where rapid Aufidus does roar I'm praised,  
Where hardy people Daunus' Water sought.  
Assume the praise thy merits have won for thee  
And bind thy hair with laurel, Melpomene.*





# EDITORIAL

## Contests

 HERE is a way to bring honor and prestige to Wesleyan as well as to yourself. This is not in reference to the much urged pursuing of graduate work which always adds to the reputation of the college, but it is discussing the matter of contests—contests with prizes of twenty-five dollars, fifty dollars, and fifty thousand dollars. These are not cross word puzzle contests nor yet the computation of figures encompassed within the shape of an elephant. They are not contests in regard to the naming of articles in a picture nor yet those dealing with words that may be formed from a certain word. On the contrary they are contests for students,—college students, thinking students, students of books and men.

There is the Woodrow Wilson theme contest which offers the sum of \$25,000 as a prize for the best essay of 2,500 words on the ideals and principles of the idealist of the modern era. There is no reason why Wesleyan students should not enter this race, if not for the money, if not for the honor it will bring them, if not for the reputation it will build for the college, then for the very love of the principles and ideals which the great statesman stood for and which no one reveres any more than some of the best thinkers of Wesleyan.

There is another, the Dabney Prize Competition, whose theme is to be *The Power of the League of Nations to Maintain World Peace* and to *Forward Humanitarian Welfare*. Again here is a subject that inspires earnest research and ought to gain the response of the students of Wesleyan as well as those of the Northern universities and colleges. Another motive for entering these contests is to show the United States that there are young people in the South that are as keen intellectually as those in the North though their institutions of learning may not be as large and as well endowed.

There are also poetry and short story contests. And there are poets and short story writers at Wesleyan. This is an opportunity that will open up the way to others. Many writers have won fame after first winning a contest. Poe stands out as one of the greatest of these.

It takes time to try in these contests, but if you win you win honor for yourself, glory for your college, vindication for your section of the country, money for the satisfying of your whims, and what more we do not know for we never have won one. And if you do not, there is the consolation of the knowledge and thoughts and feelings that have become yours through working on it and the experience that will mean much to you when you try out in the next one (for once you try one, you cannot stop).



## Reader's Guiders



OME of the most considerate people in the world are borrowers of books, especially if these books are library copies. Pick up any book in any library and if it has been widely read you are certain to find where these considerate people have read and marked under the most important passages. They insist that the same impression be inforced upon the next reader which was impressed upon them. Not contented with marking, many add comments in the margin. If they agree with the author they say so and if they are not satisfied with his work they add to it. If they disagree they write questions or sarcastic remarks in the margin in order that the next reader may not be misled. Why they should take so much time for the benefit of the unknown reader is more than I have ever understood.

Still other methods of amusing the next reader are drawing pictures or writing notes about unknown subjects in the margin. Nothing could be of greater value than thus arousing the curiosity of the reader and placing his mind in an active state for the reading of the text. Many also turn down corners of leaves or tear off corners. This helps to break the monotony of the same plain printed pages.

Of course we understand that all who do these things to borrowed books are kind hearted and take this extra time from their reading to make the task less tedious for those who come after him.

—SARA ADDITON, '27

## Growing Up



SCIENTISTS call it metamorphosis, but most of us call it growing up: this series of changes by which we throw aside all our old selves and take on new being, only to abandon it in turn for one still newer. History describes the big world process of metamorphosis, by which from convention to revolt and back to convention again the nations have grown to their present unstable state.

There is a street in every town which grows up in the same way. Beginning in the straggling poverty stricken edge of the city, passing through the region of pawnshops and second hand stores, past the tenements in the crowded regions, to emerge into an avenue of lawns and oaks and massive marble pillars, the street grows up. Beyond the marble pillars where the "best people" are said to live, the street turns madcap, and in its dotage presents itself in a gay array of green and pink and lavender stucco in Spanish, Italian, and conglomerate architecture. Still further on, the street



subsides, leaves off its vain show and settles once more into conservative lawns and oaks, with brick supplemented for marble, and, unless there is a river to stop it, rambles on into oblivion.

Through all the struggling stages of our lives we are following the street. Past the rambling days when we are content to run barefoot and leave the task of thought and study and personal pride to our elders, we emerge into that age in which nothing is so important as appearances, and nothing so necessary as impressing others with one's rare erudition. It is then that Gene Stratton Porter is abandoned and George Bernard Shaw embraced. Michael Arlen has his season in the time of Italian architecture and lavender stucco, and with him come the little mannerisms and expressions that suggest worldly habits and clever worldly wisdom. After Michael Arlen we stabilize our thinking and throw aside the mad show, and settle down to reading "accepted" authors and "standard" books. And then, unless some kind current stops us. . . .

The question is: Where are we now?



## ON OUR BOOKSHELF

### THE PLUTOCRAT By Booth Tarkington



HE magnificent "Mr. Tinker" who wandered hilariously over Europe with a complaining wife and an unwilling daughter is the most human and lovable character that Mr. Tarkington has presented to the book world for some time. Amazing, atrocious, outrageous old man that he was, spending money like water, he won the respect and love of the kings and rulers of nations that he visited, although his wife was nigh unto death many times from sheer embarrassment.

The book with its characters so well chosen touches a quick spot in the heart of any American reader. How many Laurance Ogles do we know? Successful playwrights, perchance, but still very young and in the presence of one, Madame Mormoro, on board the "....." very liable to betray the fact that Life to him is not a well read book, for Europe or the more elusive Olivia Tinker. How he scorned the Tinkers when he was straining to be in the enchanted circle of light around the cheer Madame! And how the glow soon departed when searching for Olivia he found his wealth to be the sum of twenty-eight dollars after a motor trip with her and her son, the exquisite Hyacinthe.

The type characters of the book are delightful. Olivia, always hostile sullen, but oh very eager eyed; Madame Mormoro with her sleek polish, which made the way perilous for Tinker and Ogle more than once; the plaintive Mrs. Tinker, who kept her hand figuratively on the ear of Tinker at all hours! Booth Tarkington himself must have chuckled when he saw their bizarre parade over Europe to the distaste of the presumably fastidious Ogle.

The book is written in a conversational tone, as though one friend were telling another of his laughable experience

abroad in the wake of the mighty Tinkers. The dialogue is presented very naturally and is quick and bright throughout. Perhaps the only time it ever lags is when Ogle is up in the clouds of high brow sentiment with Madame Mormoro. And even she, Mrs. Mummero, as Tinker called her, was glad to have a few minutes relief from mental strain by a conversation with the "The New Roman" Tinker.

The book is a clever poke at those who have presumed to scorn the rich Americans traveling abroad, disgracing their countries by ignorance. As Ogle put it, their name **would** be Tinker! Tarkington makes it plain that thinly lined pockets cannot afford to scorn the rich traveler, and have been known to change their viewpoints and rigid standards. Tinker is a friendly, good hearted, handshaking American, barbarian, yes, but always a great one, and it is a pleasure to have followed his trip abroad in the natural lines of Tarkington's pen.

FAINFID MONSALVATGE, '27.

### THE ORPHAN ANGEL

By Elinor Wylie



BEAUTIFUL interpretation of the character of a poet, a picture of life in America in the first part of the nineteenth century, and a loveliness of style that is more like classical English in its many syllabled, picturesque wording than the more simple American—these are the most outstanding attributes of an extraordinary book, *The Orphan Angel*.

Shiloh, the central figure of this story of adventure, is no other than the English poet Shelley whom young David Butternut rescued from the ocean when his vessel was wrecked in a storm and whom David made his lord and companion on a trip to aid and aid the sister of Jasper Cross whom David killed in self defense. The picture of the poet



as a slender, lithe young man with black hair streaked with silver and with eyes of a startling blue which made men and women, especially, yearn to do something for him satisfies one's imaginings of a poet. His extreme sensitiveness and ideals of perfect love and freedom coupled with a soft heart and a delicate physique finish the picture satisfactorily for us. Moments of wild exultation as the wind ruffled his black and silver hair into wings and subsequent hours of melancholy spent in the log cabin of Louisville or in the chieftain's tent among the Comanches show us Shiloh whose poetry sang itself into his inspired mind to the tune of waves or winds and wrote itself upon scraps of wrapping paper.

David Butternut, the boon companion and self appointed protector of Shiloh, with his rough, almost boorish manners, his love of good food, wine and other comforts of life, and his large red-haired Yankee frame serves as a splendid foil for the ascetic, idealistic poet. But "a soft heart beat under the stormy tarpaulin of his seaman's coat" for he accompanied Shiloh, who had the miniature of Silver as an incentive, to California though it took him through the burning desert sands. Though double negatives and "ain'ts" as well as other grammatical errors are well sprinkled through the dialect spoken by David, yet some of his remarks have high sound-effect which is inconsistent with his simple Yankee character. Could the same man who says, "You want for me to learn this stranger to take Jasper's place on shipboard. . .", say, "Cap'n I don't know what I've snatched from the fury of the waves but I do know this: it's something good and something beautiful, and if I've preserved its body from destruction, I think it's saved my soul from everlasting death"?

The artistry of the author is seen not only in the lucidity of style and the vivid description of the homely life of young America in Kentucky, Virginia, the Middle West, and the extreme West

and the rough beauties of nature characteristic of this continent, but also in the effectiveness of the first and last glimpses of the elusive character, Shiloh. The first scene is laid on the deck of "The Witch of the West." Illuminated by the faint glow of a lantern is the blood-stained corpse of Jasper Cross and the standing figure of David holding on his strong arms a creature "who wore a look of beatitude and innocence infinitely touching to behold, and the composure of the brow was child like and supreme."

In the end he had escaped the love of Melissa, a little Kentucky girl with a drunkard for a father; of Rosalie, the fiancée of his friend the professor; of Anne who rescued him from the fire of the Comanche Indians whose chief had adopted her—All of whom his heart pitied and longed to help yet his whole nature was shaken and repelled by them. He had looked always onward to Silver. He had traversed the whole country in search of her whose thought refreshed him on his weary journey with the coolness of her hair and lips. Yet in the end, after a glimpse of her, he sent David to her and, in complete renunciation of his love and the whole world stood at the parting of the ways before him, one that led to his wife and child in Italy, another to a monastery, the other to Silver. The thought that comes to him is not one of definite decision but one of compelling music: "Last night he had been tired but now he was not tired or troubled in any way; he sat under the pale blue sky in the center of a circle of golden rays, and there were paths leading to the ends of the earth, or little paths leading to a church or a friend or a resting place. The rainbows under the cliffs broke with a thunderous music among crystal flakes, and the music made words in his mind, but for the moment he was content to let them go free again like sea-birds and to sit above the waters alone." And thus we take leave of him as a man apart



from the rest of the world, the perfect poet.

The interest of *The Orphan Angel* depends not upon its simple plot but upon its artistic presentation of many appeals. Those with the lust for travel in their blood may reveal in the details of the trip by foot, boat, horse, and canoe over the continent from the New England states down the coast through the Southern states across the country to California. Those of a romantic inclination may find satisfaction enough in the complete capitulation of every woman who came to look into the large glowing blue eyes of Shiloh and the frustration of all of their desires by the aloofness of the soft hearted young poet whom their love moved greatly but whose love for freedom and escape from the bonds of conventionality of life moved much more greatly. Finally, the idealistic, the dreamers may see the world through the eyes of a poet and live in a world of enchantment with Shiloh as a companion.

The book is fittingly dedicated "To whom it may concern," and it must concern not only all who fall in the above classes but also all who read it no matter how realistic may be their outlook on life.

## GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE IMAGE AND THE MAN

By W. E. Woodward



Y MEANS of a volume only four hundred and sixty pages in length, W. E. Woodward has dynamically invaded the sacred precincts of the effigies of our national heroes, has extracted therefrom the long cherished images of our august favorite, George Washington and has thrown it irretrievably down—down into the unfathomable depths of the river Lethe. In its place he has substituted another—an image not man made like the first but God-made—one that is so true to life that we can easily imagine it a human being even as we.

In his latest biography, Mr. Woodward

presents Washington as a man who might be one of our contemporaries—a capitalist seeking to increase his coffers—a soldier who declares war to be a "pursuit of fame"—a son willing to let his own Mother spend her last years in dire poverty—a President who would be addressed as "His Mightiness."

Not only has Woodward invaded the sanctuary of our heroes and given us a new Washington, but he has flooded that walled inclosure with dazzling, penetrating, twentieth century electric light completely putting to shame the illumination from the roseate shaded candles of by-gone years. Under this all-revealing light the erstwhile seemingly flawless marble of the images of Washington's contemporaries loses its pristine perfection and the result is—well, not idealistic in the least.

Every page of the biography is fascinating. Mr. Woodward has treated the subject after the manner of the essayist and digresses delightfully upon such themes as "Pearls and Petticoats," "Rich Indian Nabobs," "Tar and Feathers." His style is pithy, personal and pertinent. Such paragraphs as the two following are characteristic.

"The French helped us a lot with the Revolution, but some of their most valued contributions had nothing to do with the war. They brought us the cocktail—the ancient French coquetel—ice cream—and the brass band; three pillars of American civilization"—and;

"The Stamp Act Congress was a piffling affair. Virginia was one of four colonies that did not send delegates. The delegates fluttered through a number of sessions, drew up a fluttery protest and fluttered home."

Mr. Woodward is of the opinion that Washington is in everything a materialist. He devotes a whole chapter to proving that the foundation of Washington's character lay in his sense of material values. His argument is based primarily upon Washington's innumerable diaries which contain only surveys, statements of accounting, plantation



affairs, hunts, etc. They are utterly devoid of ideas, meditations comments, or any form of feeling. Woodward says, "Ideas had only a small part in his life. He respected them only when they had the force of authority, or of money or of a political party."

Washington's intense interest in the Revolution, Mr. Woodward believes, was due to the fact that he was motivated by two controlling desires—first to save his broad lands from the British and second to win for himself not only the praise of his fellow-countrymen but of posterity.

The history of Washington is more than a biography of one man. His life

melts into the backgrounds of his time. "It is impossible to write his biography without writing history," says the author, "not because he made history but because history in its making made him." Washington evolved with his age and at times is almost overshadowed by the passing panorama of events."

Yes, without a doubt, Mr. Woodward has stolen our effigy—stolen it quite successfully, too. The majority of the truth-loving American populace will not regret its timely removal. The only people who will wish the Cannot-Tell-a-Lie Washington were back are those who are still resenting being told that Santa Claus is merely a myth.

MARY EUNICE SAPP, '27.

## Why Is It

*Why is it spring just keeps on coming,*

*When you are far from me?*

*Why is it, it does not know*

*That it was spring a year ago*

*When you left me—forever?*

*Why is it soft young laughs keep on going*

*Down the moonlight mottled lane*

*Why is it they do not know*

*That it was there a year ago*

*Where you left me—forever?*

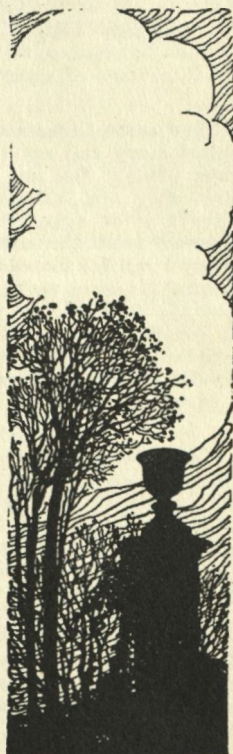
*Why is it I just keep on gazing*

*Down the road to Tashmun*

*Why is it I will not know*

*That you your way did go*

*And have left me—forever?*





## MERCER LETTER

### *On the Movies*

By HABERNICHT CASSON, Mercer University

"Time was when one could go to the 'movies' and laugh a loud, long plebeian laugh, but now one must retain one's plebeian proclivities and smile a quiet aristocratic smile. What has brought this change into America's most democratic of amusements? Don't ask this question too loudly for the critics will look hurt and answer that it has now developed into an art. The directors firmly agree with the critics and add that it is in its infancy. All of which sounds plausible enough if you don't think for a moment and remember that it has been in its infancy for the past twenty years. If an attempt to criticise a really bad picture is made, the lords of Hollywood will shout back that the infant is only having growing pains; whereupon the infant in question puts its little pink toes in its cherubic mouth and smiles.

"With the recognition of the fact that the 'movies' is an art all 'slap-stick' comedy is thrown out and instead of comedians we have 'humorous artists,' if you please. Consider the case of the low-brow comedian, Charles Chaplin. Once he threw pies and drew forth loud guffaws from the audience but now he is a great artist. In one of his latest pictures he ate an old shoe for his Christmas dinner; in the old days such a scene would have had everybody holding their sides with laughter—but today when we watch Mr. Chaplin enjoying his fillet of sole, we burst into tears of sympathy and acclaim him the Barrymore of the silver screen.

"The same thing applies to scenery. Just let Cecile de Mille get hold of the simplest story and see what he does with it. He puts up elaborate mansions and always without fail has a sunken bath tub in a marble room. His chairs are not chairs—they are thrones; his costumes are not dresses—they are gowns; and he smears a thick sugar coating over it all. The latest dot from the holy city of Hollywood is to the effect that the screen rights to 'Porgy' have been purchased. Already I can see instead of an old ferry boat plying up the river with the picnics, a palatial pleasure yacht with drawing rooms and the ever present sunken bath tubs. About the decks Porgy will be cavorting with his swarthy girl-friends to the tune of a symphony orchestra. To give a truly Southern touch he will have the negroes dressed in crinolines and waving Confederate flags, at the sight of which Miss Milly Rutherford will tear her hair and the chimes in old St. Michael's will jangle out of tune.

"But with all of its faults the universality of its appeal justifies the existence of the 'movies.' The crowd varies in New York as well as in the provinces where there is one show a week. Consider for a moment just one picture palace on Broadway. There are the George Jean Nathans looking on cynically; there are lovely ladies in the boxes with their escorts and down front there is the little cosmetic salesgirl from Woolworth's beside her escort, the man that cooks the hot cakes in the window at Child's; art students; mothers and fathers are all gathered to witness the same thing and see on the screen themselves as they would have it. At the 'fade-out' when the heroine and hero are in the thralls of a last, long kiss, notice the languid look on the face of the debutante in the box and the smile that breaks through the layers of cheap rouge and lip-stick on the face of the shop-girl. They both look at their respective escorts and sigh—for they are 'sisters under the skin.'"

H. A. B.



# The Autobiography of a Gingham Dress

By KATHERINE ENTZMINGER, '30



WHEN I start to write this story of my life, old memories flood my mind, and I have to select the choicest bits of adventures to tell you. The life of a gingham dress is not necessarily an adventurous one but it is filled with varying experiences. Let me tell you a few that have happened to me in my day.

The first days of my life vaguely call to my mind breezy hours spent in an old cotton field in Texas. A cotton boll has a very tempestuous life—one moment it is calmly nodding in the hot sunshine; the next it is slashed about by the winds of a sand storm. My happiest days were those I spent playing in the rain. Not often did it rain, but when such did happen my brothers and I made good use of the event.

Before I continue with my further history, let me tell you that I come from the oldest and richest family in Texas. One of my brothers is now chief Sail on the good Ship "Kangaroo," that great sail boat which plies between this country and Europe. I have another brother who is a beautiful bed spread used by the First Lady of the Land.

But, my story, you say. Well, after a short stay in the field, I was rudely jerked from my stalk, placed in a wagon, and carried to a gin. You know what happened to me there—such a cruel process! But not one whit so cruel as what took place at the factory. You see, mixed in that bale of cotton, I was sent to the factory to be made into cloth. Such things as did happen there! First I was made into cloth, then dyed and rolled into a bolt. What happened next? Oh, the most interesting of things! Shall I tell you?

First of all, I was placed in a huge wholesale store with hundreds of other bolts of cloth. I thought surely no place could be so interesting as this wholesale



store, but I soon found I was mistaken, for I was carried to the most romantic place of all—a large department store. There they placed me on a table where everyone could see me. So many people came to see me the first day I was there, and they handled me so much, that the saleslady said she had better put me on the shelf or I would soon be too dirty to sell. But the people were so interesting,

and they had said such lovely things about my pink beauty, that I soon became lonesome on the shelf. Around me were other bolts of cloth, but none were so pretty as I. However, as they refused to talk to me—I am sure they were jealous—I decided that some excitement was necessary, so I jumped from the shelf and crashed into one of the show cases. The anger of the saleslady was great to see! She bundled me back in a corner and left me there for days. Finally, a customer purchased my three remaining yards and carried me home in her car. You can imagine how thrilled I was over my first ride in an automobile, and how I looked forward to my future home.

When we arrived at home, my mistress, whose name I later found was Mrs. Black, put me on a shelf in the closet. There I met the one friend who has ever proved faithful to me, Susy Apron. She was a dainty little trick, whose pretty white flounces quite won my heart. But this peaceful time did not last long. One morning, soon after I awoke, Mrs. Black took me off the closet shelf and put me in some warm soap suds. It certainly was a noval experience, and it took away my breath completely at first. When she had soaped me and finally rinsed me well, she hung me out on a line to dry. I felt so peculiar—I had begun to shrink up! Indeed I was glad when I was sufficiently dry to be taken in, but here



another surprise awaited me, for what did Mrs. Black do but rub me all over with a hot iron! Soft rubbings are nice, but this one was too hot for me. I thought certainly my last day had arrived, but the pain was soon over, and I was stretched out on a wide table. Soon a lovely paper pattern was spread over me and cruelly pinned into place. In all my life I have never come across more disagreeable people than those of the Pin family. Mr. Scissors, who soon began to cut me, was very apologetic and seemed quite sorry to cause me such grief, but not once did Miss Pin utter one word of sympathy. To have myself cut into pieces was the most trying ordeal I have ever been through.

My trip to the Sewing Machine was tiresome. What a dull person he was! He could not seem to understand that I was being made into a dress—a beautiful gingham dress. As soon as Mrs. Black had finished making me, I could not keep from wondering how I looked. Finally, she called in her daughter, Mary, and slipped me on her. When Mary stepped before the mirror, I fairly shouted with joy. Surely there never was such a pretty gingham dress—all tucks and pearly buttons. I count this period of my life my most progressive; I was supremely happy, and I was exceedingly useful.

As a dress, my first trip was made to school. My appearance on Mary brought forth many exclamations of praise from the school girls. Girls are jealous things, are they not? I could not help but notice the envious glances that were directed toward me that day.

Later in the day, Mary opened a bottle

of ink, and, clumsy child that she was, turned it over. Of course it spilled on me—two great drops, and ruined my complexion forever. Children will be children, but to have one's exquisite texture marred by black ink is an experience not to be relished. But I freely forgave Mary when I heard her sobs—the poor child was as heart-broken as I.

When we went out to play, my heart beat terribly fast, for I was afraid I would be torn apart. But, my tissues and bones held together nicely, and I had a most pleasant time playing tag. When the game of tag was over, Mary sat down to talk with two of her friends. Then there appeared several mischievous boys, who tormented her until she was almost in tears. Mercifully, at that moment the bell rang, and we were spared further indignities.

Those happy days passed all too quickly—sometimes I was at school; sometimes in the laundry, sometimes hung up in the closet. Soon I began to feel quite weak after a strenuous day at school, and noticed that my collar was fast becoming thinner. When I lost two of my beloved buttons, I knew that at last old age was approaching. Of course, it made me sad, but it was with a sense of relief that I found refuge in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Rag Bag. They are charming people, and as long as I am permitted, I will remain here. I have heard rumors of being sold to make theme paper for students, but should such be my fate, there is one school above all others that I had rather be filed away in—Wesleyan College, Macon, Georgia.



## Defiance of the Storm

By ELIZABETH PADGETT, '28

(Poetic translation of Latin Poem)

Storm clouds mount the winter sky,  
A thick snow blanket hides the ground.  
The cold North Wind sweeps o'er the sea  
And rocks the trees with moaning sound.  
My friends, let us enjoy this happy day  
And banish all our cares away.  
Bring out the wine pressed long ago  
And cease to speak of other things: For soon  
The blessed God will make all things right.  
Anointing ourselves with rare perfume,  
Let's free our hearts from heavy care.  
"O Achilles," spoke Cheran to the boy,  
"O son of Thetis, for you there wait  
Simais, Scamander, and the land of Troy.  
Thy return cut off by Fate's decree,  
Thine own mother shall call in vain.  
With soothing wine and gentle song  
There shalt thou live—ne'er to return again."



## ALUMNAE

### *Confessions of a School-Marm*

By FRIEDA E. KAPLIN, '26



EVER since those long-ago days when I compiled some most hectic Confessions of a Freshman I have entertained a peculiar liking for that form of writing. Today I stand as a three-month's-old, dyed-in-the-wool, O. M. school teacher, ready to confess all!

Do you ask what I have to confess? Very little, perhaps. First, to ease my conscience, I'll have to admit how very jealous I became of the girls who were teaching. Why, they were really doing something, while I was "playing lady." Thanksgiving time I listened to "Liz" Cannon and Isabella and Sinquefield rave about their "children," and Merrill and I felt quite out of it all. The only topic of conversation at our '26 reunion was teaching and lesson-plans and irate mothers, and grade-sheets and pedagogy, ad infinitum.

Of course, I had heartily agreed with Mary K. when she expounded her doctrine that college graduates could find better vocations than teaching. I had even asserted that I never expected to teach, and had not even applied for a job anywhere. However, as I listened to the fascinating anecdotes of the others I began to feel the urge. I even considered teaching in a "wee small" town, until I discovered that I hadn't ever had the subject which was desired. Naturally that cooled my ardour for the time being.

And then I began teaching at Lanier! The old woman who lived in the shoe

had nothing on me and my two-hundred children! With fifty-seven varieties of newly acquired dignity I sailed up to the high-school for the never-to-be-forgotten first day. How important I felt—the center of attraction for all of those freshmen eyes! Those eyes will stay with me forever—eager eyes, some doubting, all a trifle puzzled and bewildered at the newness of it all, while, if they had only known it, I was as green as the most verdent I-B girl among them!

However, in a few day's time the eyes seemed to become individualized, and soon I was able to associate certain faces with certain names. To this day I can't see how any teacher ever learns the names of all of her students. There must be some trick combination, and I'm far from being a second Houdini. I always meant to ask Miss Rogers for a list of memory hints.

However, the strangest part about the whole thing is that, although I neither majored nor minored in English at Wesleyan, everybody seems to think that is what I teach. If they could but once hear my science girls explaining the process of digestion, or watch my commercial arithmetic classes computing compound interest, they would forget all about Keats and Shakespeare.

And do I like it? Emphatically, yes! I love it, I adore it; what more do you wish?



# NON ALIORUM SED NOSTRORUM

## *Family Trees*

By MARY MARSH, '27



FEW of us admit it, but notice how we prick up our ears when we hear the term "family-tree." Notice how we sit tensely on the edge of our chairs and wait impatiently for our chance to chirp as it were. Many are the times I have heard honest people complain of the tiresomeness of gazing upon the illustrious branches up their trees, and whenever I hear it I laugh. I laugh because I have said it myself.

I sneer at my friend's claim of royal ancestry. I scoff at another's pride in his descent from some hero of history. But just give me time, friends, just give me time. I shall weaken sooner or later and clamor for a hearing likewise. What are all those old dead branches to me? No, indeed, I am not interested. Half of it is bunk. A few dollars to some bureau or other and blue blood will be coursing through any veins. I care nothing for a thing of that kind—but somehow I do get a peculiar thrill with a big square blue-print of my family-tree spread out before me, in spite of my disinterestedness.

It is really droll. For generations in my family money has been as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth, but whenever the subject comes up, try as I may, I can never refrain from mentioning the fact that the ground upon which Trinity church is built in New York City by rights belongs in my family. No doubt there are thousands who make the same claim, and all efforts are useless, and I really could not use all the money that the property is worth, nevertheless on all occasions I must broadcast that bit of information. The land at one time belonged to my very-great-aunt Annake Jans. She leased it for ninety-nine years, as is ever the case and I wonder

why the ninety-nine. Her various matrimonial experiences fill up quite a space on the big blue sheet, and it is all rather romantic, but when she passed on to other lands the property passed on to other hands. Of course, all that is nothing to me, but one may notice that I seem to rather like to dwell upon it, that is if one notices carefully.

It is curious also how something inside somewhere seems to stir at the mention of old Dutch New York. Now no one today can quite approve of those old cupboard-like beds, with their funny ladders and no air, but I just love to boast that there is an authentic one in the family. It is all carved by hand and painted.

I fully realize that Kipp's Bay does not occupy any great space on the map of New York but I just love to inform the world that it was named for my ancestors who settled there in the earliest Colonial days.

Some of my Colonial forebears were strict Tories, but best of all I like to think of the old Dutch patriot, Jacob Kipp, for whose head King George offered five hundred pounds. There are tales of old uncle Kipp's love of drink, and I am quite a W. C. T. U. enthusiast, but no ordinary drunkard would be worth five hundred pounds to an enemy.

But is it not unfortunate when one's grandparents trace their line of descent to a common head? In a case like that there is only one line of which to boast, and that is just my predicament on the paternal side.

I do not believe in such foolishness anyway—still there is that good old English line that runs a long way back on the maternal side. It is all useless I know but it is with almost reverence that I turn the brittle yellow pages of



the carefully penned manuscript which describes the illustrious line that leads down from the notorious Robin Hood, Earl of Sherwood, through many generations of Sherwoods, to my very modern little cousins Sherwood. The dates do not all exactly fit, and Robin Hood probably never actually existed. No sane person can be expected to credit

the traditions, but it gives me a peculiar pleasure to read it all in the old yellow manuscript.

Really I can not see how people can become enthusiastic over a mere family-tree. It is very foolish. It is quite a bore. You may notice, gentle reader, that I am not at all interested in the subject, that is if you notice carefully.

## *The High Cost of Saving*

By MARY EUNICE SAPP, '27



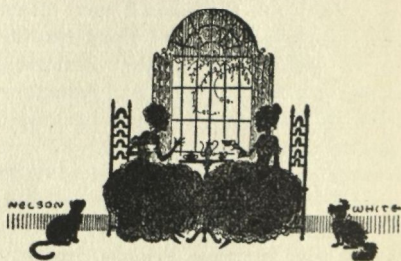
HERE is nothing people enjoy boasting about more than the vast sums of money they save. Cousin Olivia is no exception.

Only a few days ago she was regaling mother and me with a long dissertation concerning the wonderful ways by which she saves amazing sums on everything. On this particular occasion it was her wardrobe.

"Why, Cousin Martha," she was saying. "I just bought two and five-eighths yards of cream taffeta, a card of pearl buttons, a collar and cuff set, and a buckle—Oh, yes, I had the rose crepe dyed blue, too, and now that dress looks as good as new—didn't you think so when I showed it to you? And think of what I saved on it!"

While Mother, in her polite way was agreeing, I did rapidly a problem in mental arithmetic. Two and five-eighths yards at at least one dollar and ninety-eight cents a yard cost over five dollars. The collar and cuff set were two dollars and forty-eight cents, I happened to know. The button, the buckles, and the dyeing would mean at least another five dollars, possibly more. In all Cousin 'Livia had spent not less than twelve dollars to save a dress for which she had separated herself from perhaps twenty-five or thirty dollars—not more, summer before last.

And as if the dress were only one of many miraculous saving feats, Cousin 'Livia was soon subtly boasting of the fact that John, Junior, never had to buy bait for his crabbing expeditions any-



more, because the butcher from whom she traded gave him all he could use, absolutely free. She neglected to add further that to save the ten cents necessary to purchase the meat at the neighborhood grocery, she let John, Junior take her eight miles-a-gallon sedan to town, three miles away, for it.

Into most conversations the piece de resistance of which is saving, bargain sales invariably manage to flaunt themselves.

Mother was the first to mention the inevitable.

"Oh, Olivia," mother was excitedly saying, "I do want you to see those lovely shoes Virginia bought at Gordon's sale Saturday. Such bargains, too—half price!" Cousin 'Livia was listening attentively while I was wondering if mother knew that sister had already bestowed the "bargains" on the cook's daughter. "Did you go to the sale?" mother added.

"No I wanted to go, Cousin Martha, but I had to spend the whole morning looking at hats. There was hardly a thing,—but I finally decided on a precious little imported model at the



Elite,—a twenty-five dollar hat marked down to nineteen dollars and seventy-five cents,—one that can be worn anytime or anywhere, morning, noon, or night. I won't have to get another hat all this whole season."

"Mary Eunice, do you hear that!—Olivia, last season she had four. I just wish she could find one like. . . ."

But I heard no more for I was inwardly counting the days until Cousin 'Livia would appear in a new chapeau. From personal experience I knew that an "anytime" hat would soon become a "no-time" hat—one too dressy for sports wear and too sporty for dress wear. Instead of saving the price of one hat, Cousin 'Livia would probably buy two

in addition to the first before the season was over.

However, Cousin 'Livia and Mother are not the only people in the world who delightfully indulge in saving and pay the piper afterwards. I, for one, am guilty also. Only the other day I checked a Century magazine out of the library to avoid the outlay of its small purchase price. When finally it was back on the magazine shelf again I was poorer by half-a-dollar, because of a late reaction to the-time-this-book-should-be-returned stimulus on the accompanying card.

Experience is a great teacher so the ancient sages opined. I quite agree with them. Experience has taught me that saving is far more costly than spending.

## *The Trials of Near Redheadedness*



IF THERE is one red light in your hair, you will spend all your life emphatically and persistently denying that you are redheaded—and inwardly wishing that you were. Even though Titian and gentlemen's preferences have glorified red hair, you resent being branded as redheaded even when you are really guilty and especially when your hair just misses being red.

The singsong chant, "Red head ginger bread; five cents a cabbage head" which heralded your comings and goings when you were a freckle-nosed, hot headed (but not red headed) little girl made you feel like pulling every hair from the heads of your tormentors and planting there the seeds of hair,—not red,—but near red. But the people who insist on commenting on "these lucky redheaded girls" as "blessed of the gods" and wishing that they had red hair, and then when you give your stereotyped reply, "But I'm not redheaded," they argue with you a while and finally sweetly enough cease to debate and yield you the point—and you do want to display all the well known characteristics red headed people are said to possess. Then,

maybe they would admit you did really belong.

You always have to admit you are not one of God's chosen people—nor yet a blonde, nor a brunette. You just have hair, and it is just as non-distinctive as sandy or medium brown hair even though there is some of the much coveted red in it. It's a hard life! There's no peace, no certainty, no classification for you. One day when the sun shines and your non-descript tresses have drowned their sorrows in soap and water, the taunts of real friends,—who will not be convinced by your denials,—place you in the stars with the redheaded. Then, the sun goes behind the clouds and the hair under a blanket of soot and dust—and you come out—hopeless with not even jeers to welcome you and reassure you. What is a girl to do?

There is no solution in this life (though angels may be able to choose the color of their hair) for this near-red-headedness has been an affliction in the family for generations, and it is the boast that never has a member of the family outgrown it. Not one has flowered forth into golden glory of pedigreed red hair, and there has never



been one of these near red hairs known to turn gray or white. The near red we have always with us.

It is just like the girl who makes 89½ and gets a B just as the 80 student does. Near red heads are in the same class as the totally unred ones. But just as the student fumes at that ½ point between her and an A, just so the near red heads roar out their negations and bewail having gone so far and no further.

The only bright spot in an otherwise drear existence is the person who smiles knowingly at your reiterated denials and calmly and persistently maintains that he is right and that you are crazy and

ought to be ashamed of such open prevarication. Oh, he's a joy after all these sweet, spineless creatures who just will let you have your way,—which isn't your way, anyway.

The trials of near redheadedness are many but there is always the hope that some day the red will turn Bolshevik and violate all family rules, regulations and traditions and subdue the other colors in your hair and hold absolute sway. Then you will join the patrician band and calmly and serenely accept the jests and compliments a red head inspires—and not have to deny they are yours.

## Slippers

By SARA ADDITON, '27



SINCE the night Cinderella lost her slipper when she left the ball, every woman has been judged by her slippers. Yet what is a slipper compared to the foot? Fate gave me a good foundation if size has anything to do with it, but greatness and beauty do not often run side by side.

The well known French saying that "if the shoes do not go with the dress the dress is a failure" has become an American one since girls take more care in choosing shoes than their dresses or hats.

The newest slipper for this Spring is taken from a wide range of colors in kidskin, known as pastel parchment. They are in the most delicate shades like the petals of a water lily, rose blush, shell gray, or Spanish raisin. Picture these fairy-like, dainty colors spread out to the dimensions of my foot. Such beauty of color upon my shoe will only make the size more conspicuous.

Yet I would not have my foot smaller unless I were smaller, too, or I would be funnier looking than before and I did not start out to bemoan my size in general, for it is an advantage in a



crowd. The view is much better from the heights. Yet by another strange coincidence I am some times made to tower even higher because it is almost impossible to find a nice looking dress slipper in large sizes without spike heels. Why it is that a large foot should be made to test the durability of the high heel? It is quite natural for

the little girl with a dainty little foot to add to her height by a few inches of heel if she is sure of keeping her equilibrium. But for a girl of my height to totter on three more inches of heel which is so small that it contrasts noticeably with her foot is the very height of the ridiculous.

I might make a move that all girls with big feet get together and demand more sensible shoes. But that can never be, for as long as girls have large feet they are going to pretend that they are not large. Why they think they can fool people this way is beyond me, for they are always with us in plain sight for all who look to see, and with the dainty new slippers they all do look and what is worse they see.



## The Things I Fear

By FAINFID MONSALVATGE, '27



IN THE late afternoon of a winter's day when my grandchildren are having their romp in the park with their nurse, and my daughter and my wife are hurrying from shop to shop, I, old man that I am, like to sit and think. Often I have sat there in my great chair near the window. Many times I have heard the voices of the children skating by. I have seen the street change from its parade of elegant barouches over the cobblestones, to the silent whirl of powerful motors and balloon tires whispering by.

Men have called me a successful man. They saw me rise from my poor little lawyer's office to the great massive suite that my secretary occupies now. And yet, what is required in a successful man? Shouldn't he be above reproach, having a dauntless courage, and an undomitable will? There should be no ounce of fear in his whole make-up. I say it, who have always been afraid. Fear of one thing!! What relief to confess it. I can see now as I look back on my upward climb how fear pushed me forward and drove me on from my little golden oak office chair that at first I was so proud of, to the mammoth leather chair and ebony table before which now, I never sit.

There is no one here to hear me say it. I've been afraid of being poor. It takes a strong soul to bear being poor, and stay sweet, and I could not do it. To me it seemed that one must be rich and happy, but never poor. When we were first married, Nancy and I, we were oh, so poor. I can see those two little rooms from which we started that dreadful struggle for money from which I am so tired now. The sight of Nancy's little pinched miserable face as we passed the shop windows! It haunted me and it haunts me now. I remember the day I brought her home the little muskrat jacket that she had been wanting. We marked it down as a gala day in our lives, and now—I don't know one of her coats from another.

What makes fear, I wonder? Even



now so plainly and clearly, safe and recognized as I am, I remember those old fears that marked my soul. I was afraid for my college chums to see me go under. They believed me to be everything worthwhile, and I was afraid for them to see how mean and niggardly I was. I could never have borne an inspection of the record of my unscrupulous deeds which they never heard about. I was afraid to be found out. I wanted people to go on admiring me. Nothing gave me more pleasure than to hear my father's friends say, "Fine chap—he'll go right to the top. His father all over."

My conscience never entered into my upward climb. Will I ever forget the man I sent to the chair innocent because the District Attorney was for it, and it meant recognition and honor for me? Standing for my own convictions meant being poor, and I was afraid to lose the case. I've never had the courage to be myself.

The shadows have lengthened over the grass. The lights are twinkling across the man-made lake in the park. Yes, on such afternoons I like to be what I am, a tired old man, just sitting and thinking, and more often sighing for my miserable youth.



## Exchange



IN THE March issue of the Pine and Thistle we find an unusually large number of poems, some of which are very good. "On Hearing a Master Artist" and "Words" are very effective, and "Drop of Ink" is cleverly done. All three of these poems are by the same author, the other contributors seeming more at home in the field of prose.

In "Hidden Love" we find a story of the mother concealing her love from her son because of her jealousy of the sea. It is a well written and very interesting story. The end of "Trailing Clouds of Glory" is a bit disappointing after the promising beginning.

Treated in a very delightful manner is "The Porters Lodge." In its very simplicity it has an appeal all its own.

The "Senior Scribbler Six" are to be congratulated on this publication.

The outstanding feature of the Pine Branch for March is an excellent editorial "What Athletics Mean to Our College," in which the writer discusses the ways in which her college athletic association is helping students not only to physical attainment but also to all around achievement. Of the two short stories "The Parisian Doll" is the more artistic though "Writer's Inferno" has a well worked out plot and possesses a marked degree of originality. "On the Tip of His Tongue," depicting the adventures of a small negro boy doomed to ill luck as "long as dat wart is on yo tongue" is unusually clever. The



poetry as a whole is good. The author of "Mists" is especially to be commended for such lines as these:

"Mist—

Like fairy cob-webs, mesh upon mesh,  
With lights like foolish insects caught  
within them—

Sparkling, scintillating."

"The Southern Moon" which "lured the heart of you" until "you lose yourself in dreams" is a much better poem than its rather trite title would indicate. Six regular departments which evidently take the place of a college newspaper take up space which should be filled by sketches, book reviews, articles and essays. The excellency of the prose and verse is proof conclusive that the magazine could well abolish these departments and become strictly literary.



## The Catch-All

Home Ec. 2 was making croquettes.

Miss Chaplin looked at the plates

"Horrors, girls;" she softly sighed

"You all have terrible shapes."

(Plates and shapes rhyme if your poetic  
license is paid for, and ours is.)

\* \* \*

And how can girls sleep better

Tan facing fearful odds

Like roll call and detection

When they really need the nods.

\* \* \*

Evidently the finer points of torture  
weren't thought out in the middle ages.  
At least we never heard of anybody  
having to write out the whole process  
of fricasseeing chicken at 12:30 when  
she hasn't been to breakfast.

Parallel Reading—

"The Country Gentleman" sent a note  
to Miss "McCall" by the "Saturday  
Evening Post." He knew she was the  
stuff at "Good Housekeeping," was a  
member of the "Elite" and a staunch  
believer in "Fashionable Dress," so in  
the note he told her a "True Story" and  
applied for a position as her permanent  
"Woman's Home Companion." She pre-  
sented him the job (instead of the gate)  
so he built her a "Home Beautiful" and  
they were interested in the "House and  
Garden."

For their honeymoon they went to  
"Asia"—just to be "Cosmopolitan,"  
don'tcha know.

(We hope they appreciate "College  
Humor")

\* \* \*

What has been bothering us this whole  
semester is this: How would the  
regular reception committee of English  
8 feel if Dr. Greene were to happen to  
come in the back or side some morning  
and none of the members saw him.  
Would you call it being absent-minded  
(and in body)?

Dr. Reuter (We don't know what the  
Catch-All would do for raw material if  
it weren't for Dr. Reuter and her chevvy)  
thinks it perfectly permissible to slide  
back to the period of Anglo Saxon and  
say "Thrive, throve, throve, and helpen,"  
but she considers it a disastrous breach  
of etiquette to skid back to the good old  
days of 1814 and sell votes for \$100, or  
say \$25 at the bargain counter. Say  
ain't folks funny? Especially when they  
say they're out selling votes and then  
tell you you ain't right when you buy  
them.

Helps to English students who get  
"trite" written through their lowly  
similes:

As flat as the first Angel cake  
We tried to make.

Palm olive soap—

As green as the guy who said,  
"They seen I had him!"

As smug as the boy from Bliss who  
has been to college.

As cold as a lily cup

As slushy as a lukewarm Esquimo Pie.

As prejudiced as a crosseyed man

As yellow as a license tag

As red as a Texas Gas Station

As skinny as a wash rag rack

As pure as Ivory 56 per cent

As delicate as pineapple sherbert

As soft as a pink balloon

As scratchy as an old Victrola needle

As pretty as girls

As broken as the ice is

As independent as the laundry

As important as the new Wesleyan  
staff

As talkative as Lois Birch

As decided as Carroll Boyd

As impressive as Alberta Bell

As misunderstood as Dolores Jackson

As hi-jumping as Sara Lee Edwards

As desirous of knowledge as Sara

Willingham

As slow as the train from Athens to  
Macon.



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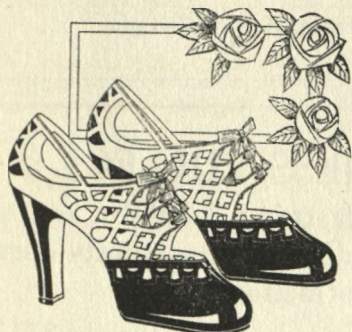
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